

# IN THE DAYS OF MOZART



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# IN THE DAYS OF MOZART

The Story of a Young Musician

BY

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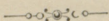
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# IN THE DAYS OF MOZART



## CHAPTER I.

### A HERITAGE FROM THE PAST.

IT was a stormy April evening in the year 1761. The sun had vanished behind a lurid mass of clouds, and the wind was rising fast from the dying day, a wind that shrilled and moaned by turns down the ravine in the Salzburg Alps, as if it were the voice of the spirits that are said to haunt the lonely hills.

‘A wild night, a wild night ; we shall have a storm,’ muttered a foot traveller, who, with his cloak wrapped tightly round him, was climbing a path that apparently led farther and farther from all human habitation. It was a rough road cut in the steep side of a valley. Far down below it a torrent clamoured fiercely, hidden from the traveller’s view by the trees and brushwood that clothed the descent to its brink ; and beyond the torrent the mountains rose again in wild untrodden wastes, aspiring to the evening sky.

Not a soul could hear the pedestrian’s remark, and he made it apparently rather to cheer himself in the awful solitudes, and as a counter-charm against the angry roar of the stream, than for any purpose of information. He spoke in German, and an attentive



listener, if there had been one within hearing, would have caught the Viennese dialect.

Yet the traveller was not alone; a little way behind him there toiled a rough vehicle, drawn by a sturdy mountain pony, and covered by a species of arched tarpaulin that concealed its freight from view. The road was extremely narrow, and if the pony had not been well accustomed to its task, a wheel might easily have slipped over the brink, with disastrous consequences; more disastrous, indeed, than at first appeared, for suddenly from within the cart came a faint child's voice—

‘Are we nearly there, Gottfried?’

The pedestrian turned, and pushing back his slouched hat, showed a kindly, furrowed face—the face of a man of sixty, with grizzled beard, wrinkles on his brow, and a gentle look in his eyes.

‘What, not asleep, Blümchen? I hoped thou wast resting.’

‘I am not asleep,’ returned the child; ‘I had to take care of Rudolf. *He* sleeps.’

The man approached and looked into the vehicle. The child who had spoken was a girl about eleven years old, whose ethereal loveliness made her seem a singular burden for so rough a conveyance, although the details of her physiognomy were common enough in Saxon children. Fair hair, shrouded by a pushed-back hood, fell abundantly upon her shoulders; her skin was delicately pale, and her great blue eyes were fixed upon those of Gottfried with a steady, appealing expression. In her lap there slumbered a pretty boy, apparently a year or so younger; dark lashes rested on his flushed cheek, and his brown locks had strayed



from the velvet cap. One hand of the child Elsa rested on his shoulder with caressing touch, the other was lightly uplifted, as if to warn Gottfried not to wake him. The instinct of the 'little mother' could be read at once in the sister.

'If the wind and the torrent do not rouse him, pretty one, Gottfried's voice will not,' said the man, speaking more softly nevertheless. 'No, we cannot have far to go; but close thine eyes, for it grows late.'

'I would rather take care of Rudolf,' said the child, with an air of maternal dignity.

'As thou wilt; but I must go on ahead, or the pony will not advance,' said Gottfried. That intelligent animal had discovered at once that its master's attention was diverted, and had slackened its slow pace almost to a standstill.

The road now entered a forest, where the giant firs sighed and shivered in the wind; it seemed as though a very ocean were roaring overhead, and it grew darker and darker.

'I trust Castle Höhenfels is not much farther,' muttered Gottfried Werner. 'Her Majesty the Empress Maria Theresa might have sent a younger man on such an errand. At my time of life, forsooth! A pretty journey from Vienna to Salzburg, and changing of horses and carriages, and I know not what.'

But in reality Gottfried would have been greatly offended and distressed had any one excepting himself been put in charge of the children of his dearly-beloved master, Conrad von Eberstein, colonel in the Empress's army, and only son of Herr Johann von Eberstein, to whose country seat the little company



were journeying. And his long and toilsome efforts were soon to meet with a reward.

On emerging from the forest a little cluster of scattered lights higher up the valley, at a spot where a bridge spanned the raging torrent, showed that a hamlet lay there, and on a jutting eminence above the hamlet loomed a dark mass, wherein twinkled one or two stray lights.

'That is the Castle Höhenfels!' cried Gottfried. 'Yonder dwells thy grandfather, fräulein.'

'I know,' she rejoined; 'it looks like an ogre's castle I have read about, it is all so ghostly, so wild. Oh, it is wonderful!'

'You are not afraid?' Gottfried anxiously inquired, preparing to bring to the rescue the stock of anodynes with which good people soothe imaginative children, to the effect that there are 'no such things' as ghosts, fairies, ogres, and all the airy host of them.

'No, no,' rejoined Elsa, 'I am not afraid, but it makes me tremble; the stream speaks so loud in the dark. I have never been anywhere like this before.'

As she spoke the slender frame shivered, but she strove almost immediately to compose herself, and drew the cloak more tenderly over the sleeping boy.

'Surely,' muttered Gottfried, 'these valleys and mountains are not like the streets of Vienna. I had forgot how little the child has seen of the world.'

Meanwhile the inmates of the castle perched on the height yonder were all unconscious of the little band of visitors pressing upwards through the gathering night. It was an ancient building, partly fallen into decay, built on three sides of a courtyard, which was approached on the fourth by an arched gateway.



From the courtyard one entered straight into a lofty hall; a cheerful fire of logs was roaring up a vast chimney, the walls were hung with faded tapestry and trophies of the chase, and an old oaken staircase, with broad, low steps, led up into darkness. No living creature was to be seen excepting a couple of great deerhounds lying in front of the fire in perfect ease.

One of the doors from the hall on the left led into a room where the chief personages of the household were to be found. Here, also, a ruddy fire raced up the chimney, and in front of it, cast into a vast arm-chair, there heavily slumbered the lord of the castle, Herr von Eberstein. His muddy jack boots and the stains on his dress seemed to show that he had been engaged in some outdoor pursuit, and had not troubled to change his attire before the heavy supper that had flushed his weather-beaten countenance. It is not fair to portray a man under such circumstances! It is enough to say that he was past middle life, of burly frame, with grizzled hair, and bushy eyebrows. An atmosphere of tobacco smoke filled the room.

In a low window seat, as far as possible from her ather, reclined a slender woman of two or three and twenty, with her face pressed against the pane, looking out into the windy night. This was Herr von Eberstein's only daughter, Lucinda. The oil lamp gave but a dull light, and it seemed that the young lady was terribly weary of the evening, for she yawned again and again in a thorough despairing fashion, that spoke of complete *ennui*. The view upon which she was gazing, though obscured by the gathering darkness, was of wild magnificence, even in its dim outline, for the front of the castle looked down the valley;



but if Lucinda had been asked to express her thoughts just then, she would have replied, 'One cannot live upon scenery, and with no companion but a father who shoots or fishes all day and sleeps all the evening, and an old nurse-housekeeper, life in a castle in the Salzburg Alps is not a lively thing.'

'Had she no books?' some reader may suggest.

But at the time of our story the latter half of last century was not many years old, and the vast mass of fiction that to-day charms the leisure of young men and maidens of every European nation was a thing undreamed of. On the bookshelves in Lucinda's room were some volumes of poets—Gellert, Haller, Canitz, Hagedorn, Drollinger,—now slumbering in dusty oblivion, but at that time much in favour. She had learned a little English, and possessed Shakespeare's plays and *Robinson Crusoe* in that language, but Lucinda did not love reading, and was, in sooth, terribly in want of occupation. Had it not been for needlework, a few housewifely pursuits, visiting the inhabitants of the hamlet below the castle, and the music lessons her father allowed her to take, she would have been completely at a loss how to kill time.

And yet it was a stirring epoch. The Seven Years' War between Prussia and Austria was still raging, in which the Great Frederick was striving to hold the field against Russia, Austria, France, and their allies, and the air rang with the news of warfare.

In every department of life on the continent of Europe—social, theological, political, literary—there was a feeling of unrest. The impulse to freedom of thought, which the Reformation had given to religion,



was only just spreading from theology into the sphere of politics and literature. Absolute monarchs, like Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, were beginning dimly to feel that their day was short, and that their children would hold a different place; or, if they did not feel this, others saw it, and the young and valiant Baron Trenck, in the cell in Magdeburg Jail, to which the tyrannous cruelty of Frederick had consigned him merely on suspicion, crouching on a damp floor, and fettered with sixty-eight pounds of iron, was meditating a passionate outcry of revolt that, when at last it could find utterance, should shake the very heavens with its protest against despotism, and never cease to resound for a hundred years. The seeds of the French Revolution were being sown; the harvest was not to come till twenty-eight years later, and Marie Antoinette was still a bright and happy child.

In the firmament of literature, stars of the first magnitude were about to rise. Goethe was a beautiful and precocious boy of twelve, startling his family circle in distant Frankfurt by his rapid progress in study; while Schiller was as yet an infant.

But in the world of music the stirring of growth was most deeply felt. The rise of oratorio and symphony, so swift and marvellous, were things of present history. The sightless Handel had, two years ago, gone to his rest in England, his foster country, leaving behind him works of colossal majesty that will never die. Glück was producing his German operas at Vienna; and Haydn, in the same city, had lately given his first symphony to the world.

‘What do I know or care about such things?’ the



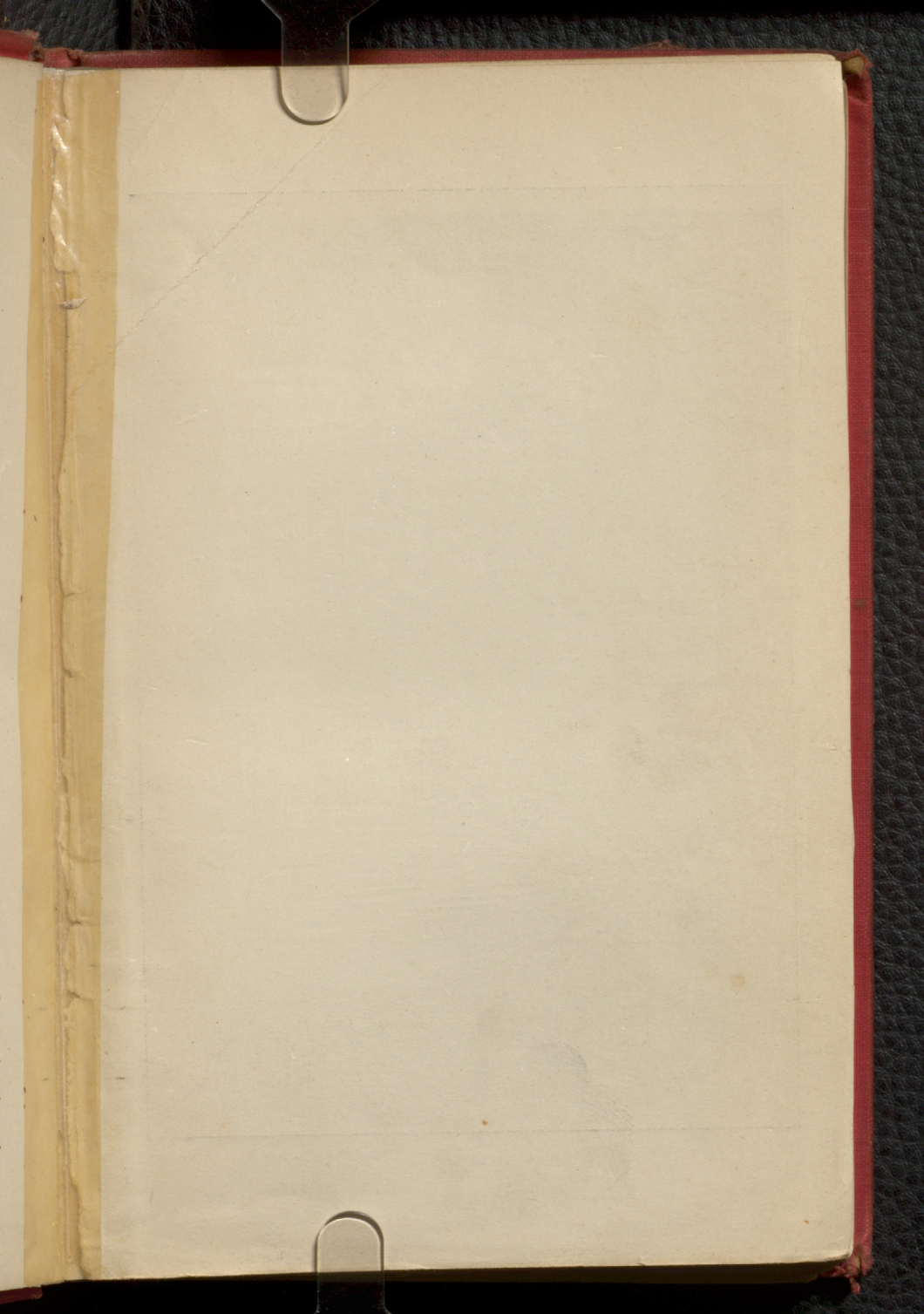
listless Lucinda would have said. Her father had of late taken up his abode almost entirely at the old castle near Salzburg, and the echoes from the great world came but rarely and faintly to her ears. Of gay and facile nature, her heart nevertheless held one real affection, that for her only brother Conrad, who had so intensely displeased his father by a marriage with a public singer at Vienna, that for the last twelve years the irascible Von Eberstein would not consent to hold any communication with the couple. Lucinda's mother—the only person who could have hoped to influence the obstinate old man—was dead; and the union between father and daughter was rendered no closer by the bitter thoughts Lucinda cherished in secret.

She had never forgotten her kind, handsome elder brother, and once or twice she had seen him by stealth, but she was too much afraid of her father to do this often. Herr von Eberstein had very strict notions about filial obedience.

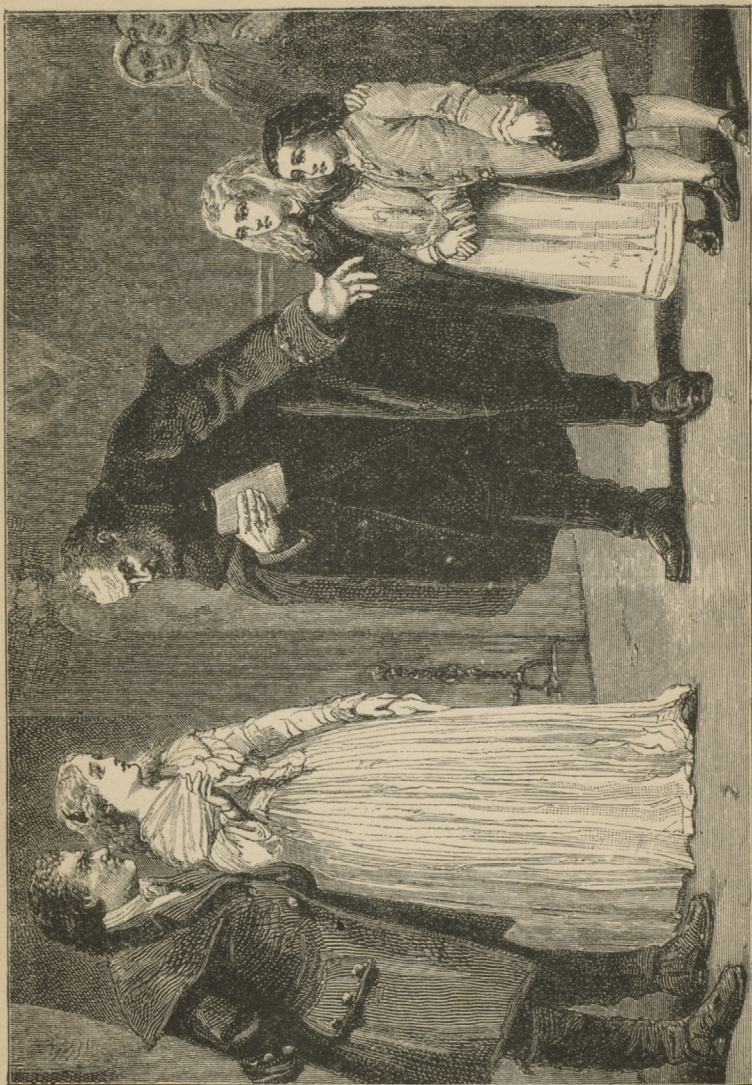
How little they knew that the Past, with irresistible grasp, was about to lay hold upon them both! Lucinda was just crowning her discontented mood by some rueful thoughts of this same brother, when a loud hoarse clang of the courtyard bell re-echoed through the castle and set the dogs barking violently. Herr von Eberstein started from sleep, and Lucinda sprang to her feet. There was a confused clatter of opening doors, clanking bolts, tramping on stone flags, and then a hubbub that seemed as if every member of the household staff were exclaiming in a different key.

'What is it, what is it, Lucinda?' demanded her











father. 'A pretty hour of night for all this commotion! Go thou and see.'

But there was no time, for the door burst open, and the old nurse, Bettina, rushed in crying, 'Oh, my master! my master, come.'

'What ails the woman?' growled the master, but he followed Bettina and her mistress into the hall. There, indeed, an unwonted sight met his gaze. A fairy girl-figure with golden hair falling against the dark background of her hooded cloak, and large blue steadfast eyes raised to his, stood holding by the hand a little boy. Her protecting air seemed scarcely warranted by their apparently slight difference in age, while the startled dismay of being abruptly roused from slumber was depicted on the little fellow's face as he stared from one to the other. An elderly man in travelling dress stood beside the pair, and an excited eager group of servants crowded in the background, their desire to embrace the children kept in check by their awe of 'the master.'

'What is this?' roared Herr von Eberstein.

'Gnädiger Herr,' said Gottfried Werner, stepping forward and bowing low, 'I have the honour to present to you the children of your son.'

'You have, have you?' ejaculated the old man, when passion and amazement had let him speak. 'And pray who may you be; who sends you here?'

'I am sent by Her Majesty the Empress Maria Theresa.'

In spite of himself Herr von Eberstein was checked and obliged to listen.

'Your excellency may be aware that your son's wife, the good and talented Otilie von Eberstein,



died of consumption a year ago. These, her children, have been under their bereaved father's charge. But he is called to the war; he can no longer look after them. He is one of her majesty's most valued officers; she wills not that these sweet little ones be left to strangers. She bade me, therefore, bring them to you, "their natural guardian," as her majesty said, when I had the honour of an audience; and I bring you a letter from the Court, recommending them well to your oversight and that of mademoiselle your daughter.'

As he spoke Gottfried turned to Lucinda, who was instantly down on her knees before the children, kissing and hugging them with all her might. He then, with another formal bow, handed a letter, bearing the imperial seal, to their grandfather.

The interest of Maria Theresa in the domestic concerns of her subjects is a matter of history. She held very strong views on conjugal and parental duties, and liked where she could to enforce them. The cruelty and coldness of Herr von Eberstein to his son, a gallant officer in her army, and to his wife, a well-known singer and music mistress of irreproachable character at Vienna, had long excited her royal indignation; and now that her poor favourite Otilie was dead, and her children needing care, she was resolved to bear it no longer. Taking matters into her own hands, she assured the colonel that his father ('ignorant country boor that he must be!' she said to herself, parenthetically) should be made to hear reason, and placing the children in the care of an old family servant, she despatched them forthwith to their unconscious relatives.



But it is not easy to describe the grandfather's feeling. For twelve years he had been nursing anger against his son. What was in reality the rage of a strong will thwarted, and ambition frustrated, had come to him to seem like virtuous indignation. He looked upon himself as a Lucius Junius Brutus, and only half intended, at some distant date, to forgive his son when he came in sackcloth and ashes to the parental roof. No such humiliation had taken place, and yet here he was, suddenly ordered to receive and provide for his grandchildren, son and daughter of the woman whose name he detested; ordered to do it as a matter of course, with no tribute to his righteous indignation thrown in. He would not brook it! Averting his eyes from the innocent, helpless couple, he cried,—

‘What should I do with them? Begone where you came from!’

Frightened at the rough tone and words, the little boy burst into sobs and tears. His sister, without a sign of alarm on her own account, drew the pretty brown curls upon her breast, and hushed the child tenderly with her little hand.

‘Never mind, Rudolf, dear! Let us have another ride in the cart. Gottfried will find us somewhere else to go.’

But a murmur of irrepressible indignation broke from the servants. Lucinda started to her feet, and Gottfried exclaimed,—

‘Mein Herr! the darkness! the rain! It has already begun! the storm is growing! You will not turn the pretty lambs out on such a night?’

No; that he would not. Unknown to himself



Herr von Eberstein's impetuous utterance had been but the gathering crest of a wave that flings itself, broken and helpless, upon the shore. His indignation was spent in that outcry; it was melting fast. The little boy raised his face from his sister's breast, and looked up. Those were Conrad's eyes!

An unaccustomed moisture suddenly came into the grandfather's own. How should he act? how comport himself in a becoming fashion of sternness before all these people? It would never do; they would not respect him any more. The only course was to fly.

Hastily muttering something that sounded like 'Let them stay!' he dashed into the other room, and flung to the door. Had any one dared to follow him into that solitude, they would have seen the strong man with his arms on the table, his face hidden upon them, and his frame shaken by sobs. The past rose before him in irresistible might; the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and no barrier could avail any more to stay the flood.

Lucinda, bewildered and delighted, was lavishing caresses on her niece and nephew, while Nurse Bettina hastened to make more practical arrangements for their comfort, and Gottfried tried to answer fifty questions at once from the Babel of domestics.

'But can we stay, Elsa?' wailed the little boy. 'The man won't let us!'

'Yes, he will,' replied Elsa; 'for he was crying.'



## CHAPTER II.

### THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH.

‘**W**HEN I first saw the castle, I thought it looked like an ogre’s, and when I saw grandpapa, with the great cords on his forehead, and his eyes starting out, I thought, “Here is the ogre himself.”’

The speaker was Elsa, who was curled in front of the fire in the great hall, looking up into the face of Aunt Lucinda.

The installation of the little couple in the castle had proceeded, after that first outbreak, as a matter of course. The old nurse who had tended their father rejoiced over the pair of darlings, Lucinda was transported to find such playthings for her leisure hours, and the master of the house acquiesced in every arrangement with grim taciturnity, surprised and almost angry with himself to find that the presence of two bright young faces at the table, and the pattering of little feet up and down the great oaken staircase, gave him an odd satisfaction. He tried to believe that he had taken in the children because it was the empress’s wish ; but had he been able to look into his own heart, he would have seen there a long-starved affection, craving and thankful for a little nutriment. It was a secret joy to him to be able, without any sacrifice of pride, to care for these tiny representatives of his son ; for, though he was a hard, selfish, obstin-



ate man, he was not wholly bad, and it was a blessed thing for him that the angel's finger had touched his heart before it became thoroughly indurated to all tender and forgiving feelings.

Gottfried, after staying a few days with his young master and mistress, had journeyed back to Vienna, to acquaint the empress with the result of his errand.

'So you thought papa an ogre,' repeated Lucinda, much amused. 'And what did you think me?'

'You were the kind fairy, in your white dress, ready to fly down and prevent us from being eaten up.'

'You are an odd, fanciful child,' said the aunt. 'But were you not frightened at getting into an ogre's den?'

'I was frightened for Rudolf.'

'It is always Rudolf. Tell me, then, are you so fond of your brother?'

The slight frame seemed to thrill with the intense feeling that found utterance in an 'Ah, yes!' breathed rather than spoken. Lucinda had already observed the passionate affection of the girl for this little fellow, whom his aunt was disposed to think decidedly the less interesting of the two, with his great dreamy eyes, and shy, silent, unboyish ways. He was evidently delicate, but Elsa, in spite of her fairy-like appearance, was full of health and energy.

The conversation of aunt and niece was interrupted at this point by clear, sweet instrumental notes that came from the state apartment to the right of the hall. Some one was playing the clavichord, the instrument that, at the time of which we are writing, was the representative of the modern pianoforte throughout almost the whole of Germany.



'Hush! hush!' cried Lucinda. 'Who is that?'

'Why, that is Rudolf,' replied Elsa, lifting up her blue eyes as if surprised by the question.

He was playing a melody not so hackneyed then as it is now, the late Mr. Handel's 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' one of his *Suite de pièces pour le clavecin*. The notes of the air rose and fell in the tap tap of the measured strain, touched delicately, and withal with perfect regularity, like a magic hammer beating out its musical rhythm on some anvil of the fairies.

'Rudolf? nonsense! A child of ten to play like that on the *clavier*! I am learning that piece. But wait a little; he will soon break down when he comes to the variations.'

This prediction was not fulfilled, for the invisible player went straight on, and kept the air singing with perfect distinctness through the melody of runs, trills, and flourishes, which he executed as if they ran of their own accord from his little fingers. Lucinda, aware how much these had tried her patience and that of her master, could control her amazement no longer, and, jumping up, rushed in search of the hidden marvel. Meanwhile the pair had been too much engrossed to heed the sounds of an arrival in the courtyard. Elsa, standing in the hall, saw the great door flung open from without, and heard a serving-man shout carelessly, without looking to see who was within,—

'Herr Leopold Mozart.'

There entered the formal figure of a man of forty, invested, according to the fashion of those times, in a wig, powdered, and curled in two rolls round his head; his brown coat was threadbare, but scrupulously



brushed ; he wore a white vest, and delicately clean ruffles at his throat and wrists. He had ridden up from Salzburg, but had already removed the gaiters that had protected his spotless hose. His face was a remarkable one : long and narrow, rather than broad. Piercing eyes beneath a high square forehead showed great shrewdness of intellect ; a tight thin-lipped mouth, with a certain satirical curve, gave an impression that he could be a bitter critic, also that he knew when to hold his tongue ; withal, the face was not one from which children were used to shrink. He gave a quick glance to the little figure, so light and fairylike in the setting of the great gloomy hall ; then his ear was evidently caught by the ' Harmonious Blacksmith ' in the adjoining room, where Lucinda was having it repeated for her benefit.

Elsa, with innate politeness, was stepping forward to greet the stranger. He raised his finger abruptly, but not unkindly—

' Hush, my little one ! Let us listen. Ah, but what an improvement ! '

Tap, tap, went the fairy hammer, with lightness and precision ; then the variations ran with oil-like smoothness, sweetly and clearly, from the fingers of the unseen.

' She makes the melody sing ! Ah, but it cannot be ! ' said Herr Mozart, putting down his roll of music in astonishment. ' Are you, then, a sprite that have worked a miracle ? '

Elsa only half comprehended the fact that this formal gentleman was the music-master of her Aunt Lucinda, come up from Salzburg to impart his weekly lesson on the *clavier*, and amazed beyond belief at



hearing, as he supposed, his pupil play in a novel style.

The last of the variations was finished, the door, after an instant's pause, burst open, and Lucinda appeared—a pretty picture framed in the doorway; for with her high-dressed curls, merry blue eyes, and flushed cheeks, she looked quite as much a child as the little solemn maiden standing in the hall.

‘Good morning, Herr Mozart. You have doubtless overheard?’

‘Mademoiselle, I have.’

‘And don't you think I am improved?’ continued the wicked Lucinda.

‘I scarcely dared to think I was hearing correctly.’

‘Ah, I knew you would say so! Do I not “make the melody sing,” as you so often urge me to do? Oh, Elsa! this gentleman is a terrible tyrant, so hard and uncompromising, and I am a thorn in his side, am I not, Herr Mozart?’

This frivolity was not apparently much to the professor's taste, for he said, with some severity,—

‘I have often recommended to mademoiselle that earnestness in the study of music without which no effort in any department of life can be successful, and I shall only be too happy if my recommendations are about to take effect. In fact, it will preserve to me the pleasure of having mademoiselle as a pupil, which I have of late sometimes feared I must relinquish.’

Lucinda pouted a little; but, recovering her good temper almost immediately, she burst into a merry peal of laughter.

‘Enter, Herr Mozart, and let us begin our lesson.’



Rudolf had, it seemed, disappeared from the *salon*, for Elsa, even from her post in the hall, could hear Lucinda begin to play Bach's 'Clavier Studies' in an imperfect fashion, that drew forth continual remonstrances. So, at least, the child imagined from the frequent pauses and the sound of a masculine voice, at first quiet in tone, then roused to sharpness. Accustomed to hear good music in Vienna, Elsa knew perfectly well that her aunt had neither musical ability nor ordinary perseverance, and she ceased to wonder at Herr Mozart's remarks. But how dare Auntie Lucinda mystify him so about the 'Harmonious Blacksmith'? That mythical personage might prove unworthy of his name by becoming a cause of sad discord before he was done with.

Meanwhile, within the *salon* Herr Mozart was addressing his pupil thus,—

'Mademoiselle, you have doubtless neglected these Studies for the purpose of perfecting the performance I was so fortunate as to overhear. We will therefore pass on at once, without further delay. But I must again impress upon you the importance of these exercises. If you would attain any proficiency in the use of your fingers upon the keyboard, you must act as I have recommended my pupils on the violin to do, in my *Attempt towards a Fundamental Method*;—to exert yourself, work hard, and work intelligently. With regard to exercises, I am inclined to think the best plan is that which I have myself adopted in that work, to make them even distasteful, that they may not be played from memory, but may be treated as what they are—means to an end. If you will but persevere in the method I indicate, I may in time be



able to introduce you to works far beyond the "Harmonious Blacksmith." That is all very well in its way for a *Suite de pièces pour le clavecin*. It is a study for rhythm and execution ; but a blacksmith ! he has not originality, he has not emotion ; he strikes his anvil as a matter of course, but he strikes not from it the spark divine. Therefore, while I applaud your improvement in the execution of Mr. Handel's air with variations, let me beg of you, *fräulein*, not to rest upon it, but to advance to music in comparison with which this "Harmonious Blacksmith" is but as the twittering of a wren in comparison with the roll of the mighty ocean. Then, perchance, you may come to interpret pathos—to stir the souls of your hearers.'

Herr Mozart had been induced, by the supposed sudden improvement of his pupil, to enlarge in a manner that would formerly have seemed to him thrown away upon one of her limited capacity.

'Now let us pass on to the piece,' he concluded.

Lucinda began the air. Herr Mozart listened with a puzzled frown.

'But where is the improvement I overheard ? However, let me hear the variations ; there I shall better observe the change.'

Lucinda obeyed, but with disastrous results, for in reality the arrival of her niece and nephew had put all thoughts of practising out of her head. Her variations deserved the name in one sense, for they varied widely from the composer's intention, and either obscured the air or disported themselves irregularly round it like spasmodic interruptions rather than a singing accompaniment. Herr Mozart's frown grew alarming, and his pupil saw she had carried on her



mystification quite long enough. Jumping up from the clavichord, she clapped her hands. The door of a large light closet adjoining the *salon* opened, and her little nephew, whom she had hidden there with strict injunctions to await her signal, peeped forth with an air of consternation. The sight of the pretty boy in his violet coat, white vest, hose, and shoe-buckles, with his great alarmed eyes, stayed the torrent of indignation that apparently was rising to the *maestro's* lips.

'It seems the house is haunted, for fairies start up at every corner; here is another of them,' he muttered.

'Come here, Rudolf, quick, and play Herr Mozart "The Harmonious Blacksmith!"' cried Lucinda.

The child sprang to the clavichord, and began the same correct and charming performance that his aunt had overheard with so much astonishment. The air was definitely, ringingly given, and the variations ran brilliantly from the boy's fingers, while he kept the melody singing through them all. The touch and execution were marvellous for so young a performer. Elsa had stolen in, and stood watching her brother with pride and delight.

When he had finished, Herr Mozart cried, 'Bravo! bravo! my little fellow; and where did you learn that?'

'Sir, at Vienna.'

'Vienna! Ah, you lucky rogue, you have come from clavier-land. And so you are fond of music?'

'Yes, indeed.'

'Then it was you whom I mistook for my pupil, Mademoiselle Lucinda, was it?' inquired Herr Mozart. 'And what made you play me such a pretty trick?'



'It was my doing,' Lucinda hastened to acknowledge. 'He was playing to me when I heard your voice, Herr Mozart, so I hid him, and pretended it was I. And now I beg one thing of you ; you see I am stupid and lazy to-day ; give the rest of my lesson to my nephew. He is a far more promising pupil, and will do you credit, while I never shall.'

Herr Mozart was kind-hearted and clear-sighted. He recognised the little fellow's precocity and musical talent, and he disliked teaching Lucinda, yet he was too conscientious to defraud her worthy father of half an hour of the time for which he grudgingly paid.

'Next week I will arrive in time to afford myself the opportunity of hearing this little gentleman further,' he replied, 'but to-day, no ; we have already wasted part of your lesson, and I must return punctually to Salzburg to wait upon the archbishop. Therefore resume your studies, if you please, and let us endeavour to make up for time lost.'

Rudolf slipped from the room, and Lucinda was obliged to turn to 'The Harmonious Blacksmith.' She did not find the rest of her lesson by any means agreeable, for Herr Mozart took occasion to enforce, with much caustic severity, the contrast between herself and her nephew, not merely as regarded musical talent, the gift of heaven, but industry, which, he observed, lay within her own control. She was inwardly delighted when he rose to take leave ; but, before he went, she rapidly sketched to him little Rudolf's history.

As the professor rode down the valley, his thoughts were busy with the scene he had just quitted.

'Poor little lad ! he has his mother's soul for music



in him. He has a look of my Wolfgang, and for his sake I will help him all I can, and bear with his brute of a grandfather and the careless unmusical daughter with the kind heart.'

Salzburg was reached ; Herr Mozart left his steed at a hostelry outside the town, and hurried through its quaint streets to a house near the rushing river. Here the joyous barking of a dog greeted its master's footstep, and as he opened the door the animal leapt upon him.

'Down, Wimperl, down ! Where is thy little master ?'

But already a radiant child, with a lovely earnest face, thoughtful eyes, and long luxuriant curly hair, tied behind, had rushed forth and flung his arms round his father.

'Thou art home again ! how long thou hast been ! And now come and hear my new minuet before departing to court.'

'My Wolferl, I cannot,' replied the father, returning his son's kiss. 'I must change my dress at once. Where are thy mother and Nannerl ?'

'Gone to the cathedral. But where hast thou been so long ? Was the stupid lady more stupid than ever to-day ?'

'No ; I was hearing a boy play, five years older than thyself. He has talent.'

'Take me to see him,' cried Wolfgang ; 'we will have music together. If he likes music I will like him. Who is he ?'

'Herr von Eberstein's grandson. He has come from Vienna. He had a music-loving mother, who died not very long ago.'



Great tears started to the eyes of the affectionate, sensitive child.

‘That is sad. Let us try and comfort him. I will go and take him my little fiddle to play upon.’

‘I doubt if the purse-proud Herr von Eberstein would deem my Wolfgang a fit companion for his grandson,’ thought Herr Mozart, as he went to prepare for his duties; ‘but if I mistake not, a time is coming when the great and noble of the earth will be proud to say that they once touched the hand of Mozart!’



## CHAPTER III.

### MUSIC AND MATHEMATICS.

**R**UDOLF eagerly anticipated the next visit of his new friend, which came round in due course ; but on Herr Leopold Mozart's arrival he was at once summoned to the presence of his patron. The lord of the castle had been spending a good deal of the day out in the open air, as usual, and his coarse red face was a singular contrast to that of the artist he disdained.

Herr von Eberstein was a self-made man, and had acquired the Castle Höhenfels, in comparatively recent times, by the money he had made in commerce. No one knew exactly how he came by the 'von' in his name, but he was puffed up with pride and arrogance. Success in life—by which he meant money-getting—was the god he worshipped.

'Herr Leopold Mozart,' he began, 'you have many acquaintances in Salzburg, no doubt?'

'Sir, I have that honour.'

'I have not. I am, as you know, a Lutheran, one of the family Von Eberstein that left Salzburg in 1732 because of their Protestantism.'

Herr Mozart bowed.

'I am proud to return, having made my way in the world, and no haughty archbishop need suppose he is going to drive *me* out any more.'

'The days of persecution are past,' observed Mozart,



who, himself a devout Catholic, was by no means a narrow-minded bigot.

'To come to the point. I want you to find me some student at the Salzburg University who will come up the valley daily, or almost daily, to give two or three hours' instruction to my little grandson, whom I have adopted for the present; some one to whom money is an object, and who will not want to turn the lad into a monk. I don't doubt you can find plenty of needy students, only, hark ye! the education given must be good and sound.'

'In what subjects does your excellency require that the tutor should be specially proficient?'

Education was not the worthy Von Eberstein's strong point, and he hummed and hawed, then lighted on one *sine quâ non*.

'Arithmetic in all its branches! He must be an adept at figures and book-keeping, for I mean the boy to enter a merchant's house when he is old enough.'

Herr Mozart bowed.

'And the classics—Greek and Latin?'

'What for?' roared Herr von Eberstein. 'I don't want to turn the lad into a monk, as I told you before.'

'They are generally supposed to be part of a liberal education.'

'Well, a little may do no harm,' growled this patron of letters; 'but Rudolf is to be a man of the world, not a student. His father never obeyed my wishes, but went for a soldier, and now his children are returned on my hands just because he married a strolling member of the vagabond musical profession.'



A dangerous flash from Herr Mozart's bright eyes, and the tightening of his thin lips, apparently recalled the worthy man to his senses.

'No offence to your profession, Herr Mozart ; music is all very well as a pretty amusement, and I do not grudge Lucinda your lessons, but we commercial men who have made our own way have to do with life in sober earnest, you know. Well, I see I am detaining you from your pupil. Send up some such young man as I describe, and I shall be obliged to you. Good day.'

Herr Leopold Mozart was court composer and leader of the orchestra at Salzburg, in the little court of the Archbishop Sigismund. He had a high and well-deserved reputation, and taught in most of the families of rank in the neighbourhood, a fact to which he owed his introduction into the Von Eberstein household. As the daughters of the barons and counts around took lessons from him, the ambitious *parvenu* was resolved Lucinda should do the same, that on the rare occasions when she went into society she might shine like other youthful dames. But the distinguished artist who imparted this qualification for social success, Von Eberstein regarded much as he might have done a skilful hairdresser or costumier.

Other petty annoyances were rife in the lot of Leopold Mozart. The Roman Catholic archbishoprics of the eighteenth century presented a combination of the cathedral system of English cities with the pomp and circumstance of a temporal court. The archbishop was a little king, and canons, organists, *Kapellmeisters*, composers, trumpeters, were his ministers in office. Church music consequently occupied an im-



portant part in the archbishopric; but the area in which the court spread forth its grandeur was ridiculously small, and one can imagine the weary disgust with which men of genius, dependent on its scanty emoluments, fretted against its petty pomp and irritating restrictions.

When Rudolf was at length summoned to the *salon*, he rushed in with alacrity, sat down, in response to Herr Mozart's invitation, at the clavier, and glided off into a minuet by Sebastian Bach. Here the boy had to rely upon his memory, but not a note was incorrect, and the charm of the music was preserved.

'Bravo! thou dost play Bach's music! That is well. Study him always, for he is a fine educator. Thou hast not composed?'

'No, but I began to learn harmony.'

'All will come in due time. And see, my child, that thou strive not after effect. Pupil and master too often think they have achieved something great when a piece can be rattled through. But one perfected exercise is worth a dozen such performances. Thou art in the right road, only persevere.'

With such injunctions and encouragements the kind and patient Court Composer heard Rudolf play one thing after another, and the delighted child wondered how Aunt Lucinda could complain of Herr Mozart's caustic tongue.

'The lad has studied well! he has remarkable talent, and he loves music with all his heart,' reflected the professor, as he left the castle. 'A commercial career, forsooth! Why, when the old curmudgeon has enough and to spare, cannot he let genius—yes, genius—have its bent? It shall go hard but I will find



him a tutor who will help him along the heaven-marked way.'

In pursuance of this daring intention, Herr Mozart sought out one Paul Engelhardt, a student at the Salzburg University, a young man of rare ability but scanty means, who had endeared himself to the Mozart household by his fondness for music and by his good and gentle character. He played the violin well, and was also versed in the church music of Bach, Palestrina, and Pergolesi, having studied the theory from his childhood. He was engaged in the (to him) distasteful study of jurisprudence, attending lectures, which by no means absorbed all his time and energies.

The prospect of obtaining work through his profession became more and more distant, and he was turning his thoughts towards literature as a means of livelihood. Meanwhile he was glad to have this tutorship thrown in his way, and Herr Mozart knew that he would acquit himself well in all that was required from him.

By her earnest request, Elsa was admitted to share her brother's lessons, 'that she might help him,' she said. The child's self-dependence and motherly love for Rudolf made her a unique little figure.

Without worrying the lad by that tiresome oversight and admonition which some little elder sisters affect, she cared for him silently in every possible way, and invariably preferred his comfort and happiness to her own. He was a curiously quiet child, evidently delicate as to his general health, always inclined to stray off alone, given to fits of abstraction, and seeming to kindle into life only when the keys of the clavichord



were touched, or when music became the theme of conversation.

'I cannot bear to hear Aunt Lucinda play,' he confided to his sister one day.

'Oh, Rudolf, how unkind of you, when she gives you so many sweetmeats, and is so good-natured!'

'I know, I know,' with an impatient toss of his head; 'that has nothing at all to do with it. She is good, she is kind, but the keys do not sing or speak when she touches them. I do not understand how Herr Mozart can bear to teach her.'

'He is obliged to do it, because he wants to earn money for his wife and children; but perhaps he will soon stop teaching her and other people, and go a long journey with the wonderful little boy he tells us of, that all the kings and queens may hear him play. I heard him saying so to Herr Engelhardt the other day.'

'Herr Engelhardt is a great friend of his, and he can play; he knows about music. That is one reason why I like him so much.'

'He is very kind to you, is he not?' asked Elsa.

'Yes, very; and I think he is handsome, so tall and strong, and such kind brown eyes; something like father.'

'Only younger than father is,' corrected Elsa.

'Yes, but he is grave though he is young,' continued the child critic, 'and I don't think he would let anybody make jokes or play in lesson time, though he is so kind. But when lessons are done he tells me stories about Herr Mozart's little boy, and I shall never, never be satisfied till I have heard the little boy play for myself; I want him to come here.'



'Let us ask grandpapa to invite him,' suggested Elsa; 'there he is in front of the castle. Come now.'

Rudolf, half unwilling, was dragged by his eager sister to the terrace where Herr von Eberstein was marching up and down smoking.

'Grandpapa,' cried Elsa boldly, 'may we have Herr Mozart's little boy and girl to play with us?'

'Play to us, you mean,' murmured Rudolf.

'*Pfui!*' cried the grandfather, taking his pipe from his lips, and emitting rings of smoke. 'What for? Herr Mozart is only a musician. A very good sort of man in his way, no doubt, but his children are not the friends for you.'

'They are wonderful children!' exclaimed Elsa.

'Wonderful! My little maid, I suppose you mean they can strum on the clavier; that is natural,' said Herr von Eberstein, while an indulgent smile beamed on his red countenance. 'A mountebank's children will throw the best somersaults because they are trained to it, and a musician's children will perform better than others for the same cause, but that is no reason for your making friends of them. No, no; there are the Baron Schwarz's little son and daughter, who will be glad enough to come and see you when you want companions of your own age. Natural enough that you should do so, perhaps, but—stop, Rudolf, there is Herr Engelhardt coming. And now, mind me, young sir,' said the grandsire, pausing and shaking a heavy forefinger, 'I want you, when you grow up, to make a name in commerce—do you understand?—to follow in my steps, and to be a great and successful merchant. So take pains with



your arithmetic, hark ye! And mind I have a better report of it this morning.'

Things did not look very promising two hours later in the upper room devoted to study. The young tutor stood, with a slight contraction of the eyebrows, and with the fine outline of his face unshaded by beard or moustache, fixed in a look of grave perplexity as he leant against the window. The view of the pine woods sloping in spring sunshine to the torrent that sped gaily down the vale to the river Salza, with the mountains rising beyond, was exhilarating in its loveliness; but the scene within was decidedly depressing. Rudolf was sitting with his elbow on the table, his delicate features sharpened into fretfulness, and his eyes red with crying; Elsa was watching him with distressful sympathy.

'I cannot study figures; it is no use, and I will not try; I shall never, never be a merchant, as grandfather wishes.'

'And what shall you be then?'

'A musician,' said Rudolf firmly. 'My mother said so.'

'A musician should study arithmetic,' said Paul.

Rudolf looked up quickly.

'Why?'

'Because music and mathematics, of which arithmetic is a part, are akin to one another,' replied the tutor. 'You cannot bear the word proportion, but do you know that music might be called proportion turned into sound?'

The word music instantly quickened Rudolf's attention, and he listened as Paul continued: 'The first musical instrument was most likely a row of reeds of



graduated lengths, bound together; the shorter the reed the higher the pitch of the note. On the proportion of the reeds to one another depended the accuracy of the scale. All this is an affair of proportion and calculation. People who said they "would not learn arithmetic" would never have made any progress in the art of constructing musical instruments. And the simple Pan's pipe would never have grown to be the majestic row of organ pipes that thunder forth sublime harmony.'

Rudolf was listening attentively, and Elsa, who had drawn nearer, was drinking in every word with great, wide-open eyes fixed on the speaker.

'There is a great deal more that could be said,' continued the tutor, 'and if you ever are a musician, Rudolf, you will perhaps study the subject. The expression, "music of the spheres," shows that men thought the beautiful proportion of the heavenly bodies one to another, as to distance and motion, must be accompanied by audible indication of this proportion—in other words, by music. There is a great English poet named William Shakespeare, whom you may some day read, who has put this thought into poetry.' And in a foreign accent, but with intense appreciation, the young man declaimed these words, half to himself:

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

'Then I *will* learn arithmetic,' cried Rudolf; 'not



to help me to be a merchant, but because you teach me, and because you explain it like this.'

'When little Wolfgang Mozart began to learn arithmetic,' continued Paul, 'he was so intent upon it, that he chalked tables, stools, walls, and even the floor all over with figures!'

'Then I will do the same!' cried Rudolf, seizing the chalk, and rushing merrily to the wall.

Study was over for that day, but the tutor's influence over both his pupils was strengthened by his words.



## CHAPTER IV.

### THE VISIT OF THE CHILD-GENIUS.

LITTLE as Herr von Eberstein mingled in the society of the neighbourhood, he could not fail to hear reports of the wonderful child-musician in the Mozart household. Music, it is true, was at that date held in little repute as a serious occupation ; still, the young Wolfgang's precocity, the worthy man could not help perceiving, was really after all something of more account than the feats of a juvenile rope-dancer. Other families of distinction had heard the lad play ; he must follow suit. Accordingly, he told Herr Leopold Mozart one day, when he came to give Lucinda her music lesson, that he might 'bring up his boy and girl.'

Herr Mozart, who was secretly contemplating a visit in a few months' time to the court of the Elector of Bavaria at Munich, did not appear so much elated by this intelligence as might have been expected ; but where no degradation was involved by compliance, the Court Composer was too prudent a man to offend a wealthy patron like the ignorant Von Eberstein. He had also a strong liking for the little Rudolf, to whom he taught something every time he came to the castle ; therefore he promised to bring up Wolfgang and Anna (otherwise Nannerl) on a fixed day.

Great was the excitement of Rudolf and Elsa be-



fore the expected visit, in preparation for which they gathered huge bunches of wild flowers and trails of ivy, to deck the sombre hall and the bare room where the clavichord<sup>1</sup> stood.

Aunt Lucinda was in her chamber, knotting a kerchief of specially fine cambric round her pretty shoulders, when voices rent the air.

'Auntie! auntie! here they are!'

She descended, and found a picturesque group in the castle hall. Herr Mozart, formal, precise, and neat as usual, stood holding the hand of his daughter, Maria Anna, a girl of ten, a pretty child, in a rose-coloured dress, with an animated face. Paul Engelhardt stood near, with his kind, dark eyes beaming satisfaction on Rudolf and Elsa. The latter was just advancing towards Nannerl Mozart, but Rudolf's gaze was fixed half timidly on the central figure of the group—the little Wolfgang.

Lucinda felt instantly a strong attraction towards the little fellow. He was a small but well-proportioned child, with a face that charmed one directly by his large earnest eyes, with their fine eyebrows and long lashes. These had a serious expression, almost at variance with the infantile chubbiness of his cheeks.

<sup>1</sup> It should be explained that this instrument was like a 'square' pianoforte in shape, in an oblong case of uniform width. The lower or natural keys as a rule were black, and the upper ones white, thus reversing the modern plan. It had a delicate tone that possessed a certain tremulousness capable of producing infinite gradations of expression. Beethoven said that 'among all keyed instruments the clavichord was that on which one could best control tone and expressive interpretation,' and Johann Sebastian Bach preferred it to the pianoforte. In a German musical lexicon it is described as 'Labsal des Dulders und des Frohsinns theilnehmender Freund' (the balm of the sufferer, and the sympathising friend of cheerfulness).



His brow was bright and open, and his face was pale, though not in any way delicate-looking. Long, curling, luxuriant hair, tied behind after the fashion of the day, fell on his shoulders, and he was arrayed in a little apple-green coat, with white vest and dainty ruffles at his neck and wrists, knee breeches, and shoe buckles. At this time he was five years old.

When children are introduced to one another, they frequently stare in a mute solemnity that to their elders appears very embarrassing, but it is not so to themselves; it is their way of becoming acquainted. Wolfgang became aware of Lucinda coming down the stairs, and, meeting her smile, ran up to her and kissed her, breaking the silence by observing,—

‘It is a long way up here from Salzburg, but I am glad I came. May I go and play with the little boy and girl now? I am not at all tired.’

‘Of course you may,’ said Lucinda, returning his embrace.

‘Papa, you must take care of my little fiddle while I am gone; it is in the case there,’ said Wolfgang, nodding; and he sprang up the oaken staircase, while Rudolf followed, half surprised that the infant genius was so much like other children. Meanwhile, Nannerl and Elsa went out, hand in hand, into the courtyard, and thence to the castle terrace.

‘Your brother is a very wonderful boy, isn’t he?’ said Elsa.

‘Very,’ replied Nannerl. ‘He is only five, but he can already play very prettily. When he was three he used to listen to me having my music lesson with papa quite quietly, without a sound; then he would pick out thirds, and smile as he struck them. Even



before he could talk he could play. Papa began to teach him minuets and other pieces on the clavier, and he soon could play them. Now he is writing little pieces himself.'

'My brother is wonderful, too,' said Elsa, not willing to yield all the palm to Nannerl. 'He has always been fond of music, and now, though he is only ten, he can play much better than Aunt Lucinda.'

'I know,' nodded Nannerl; 'papa has told me. Papa says Rudolf von Eberstein will be a musician also; but there is no one in the world like our little Wolferl. Last year the court trumpeter at Salzburg, our very good friend Herr Schachtner, came to our house after the Thursday service and found Wolferl making himself all inky with writing. Papa said, "What are you doing?" and he replied, "I am writing a concerto for the clavier; it will soon be done." Papa thought it was nonsense, and said, "Let me see;" and though Wolferl said it was not finished yet, papa took the paper to look at it. It was all daubed over with blots, for he dipped his pen to the very bottom of the ink-bottle every time, and as the blots fell down he rubbed them off with the palm of his hand. Such a confusion of notes and smears! Papa and Herr Schachtner laughed at first, but then they began to notice what the theme and the composition was; and, do you know, papa cried because he was pleased!'

'I have seen a man cry, too,' observed Elsa. 'Grandpapa cried when we came here.'

'Papa told Herr Schachtner to examine it,' continued Nannerl. 'He said, "Look, Herr Schachtner,



how correct and orderly it is! Only it could never be of any use, for it is so extraordinarily difficult that no one in the world could play it." But Wolfgang declared it must be practised till it was perfect, and said that was why it was called a concerto!

'That is very, very wonderful,' observed Elsa. 'I lived at Vienna till I came here, and there was a great deal of music, but I never knew anything so wonderful as that!'

'I believe we shall go to Vienna soon,' said Nannerl. 'Papa doesn't like Salzburg. He says the people are stupid.'

'Oh, don't go away!' cried Elsa; 'I want you to be my friend. I want a girl-friend like you. If you will come and see me often, I will tell you all the fairy tales I have made up. They are waiting to be told to somebody!'

'Come here, Elsa!' cried Rudolf's voice, full of joyous anticipation, from a window; 'Wolfgang is going to play!'

'What! already?' exclaimed Nannerl, laughing; and the two girls went to the *salon*.

The master of the house had not come in yet, but Herr Mozart, Paul Engelhardt, and Lucinda were near the clavichord, at which the little fellow had seated himself. Lucinda noticed the peculiar smallness and delicacy of his hands; they seemed made for touching the keys. His little legs dangled from the stool without reaching the floor. Only five years old! Could such a baby really evoke anything worth hearing from the instrument?

Of course, there was at this period of Mozart's life only the germ of the power which in after years drew



tears from the eyes of Haydn, held monarchs spell-bound, and made the organist, Ambrose Rieder, say, at a later period, 'To this hour, old as I am, those harmonies, infinite and heavenly, ring in my ears, and I go to the grave fully convinced that there was but *one* Mozart!'

Still, the child had only to touch the keys for his power to be instantly manifest. Choosing for his theme a gavotte by Bach, his little fingers glided over the notes with perfect ease and delicacy. His touch had that peculiar satisfaction to the ear which musicians recognise at once, but which is so hard to define, and his little face wore a serious, settled expression, which seemed to say, 'This is my chosen work, baby though I am!'

Already he had a quiet, steady hand : no jerkiness or overhaste, so natural to a child's early efforts, was perceptible ; on the contrary, ease, flexibility, and smooth rapidity—above all, absolutely correct time—marked his performance. Withal, there was a sweetness in his delivery of the notes that marked the soul of the musician within him.

Lucinda sat by in wonder. Herr Mozart leaned back in his chair with a thoughtful look and closed eyes. He was pondering over his darling's future life, as he was wont to do. When the little musician had ceased there was a stillness, broken by Wolfgang himself jumping up from the stool and springing gaily into Lucinda's lap. 'Have I played you to sleep?' he cried ; 'papa is already slumbering.' The child-nature seemed to awake suddenly within him, and he was not content until he had dragged off Rudolf into the garden to play at soldiers.



As Paul Engelhardt followed more quietly, he happened to raise his eyes towards an oil painting in the hall, brought into relief by the clustering frame of ivy twined by the children. It represented a woman of mature years, with a singularly sweet countenance, and it seemed to him as if he had seen the original somewhere.

'That is my grandmother,' Elsa's voice said at his elbow.

'She has a very beautiful face,' replied the tutor.

'She was good; oh, very, very good!' said Elsa confidentially. 'Like some of the saints I have heard of. But she was a Protestant, and it was really she who helped grandpapa to leave home when the Protestants were driven away from Salzburg, all that long time ago, because she was so brave and cheerful about it.'

'Who told you about her?' inquired Paul.

'Aunt Lucinda; and she says that grandmother never thought of her own comfort at all, but only of what was right. "For conscience' sake" was her favourite motto.'

Paul glanced kindly down at the earnest face beside him, and saw the resemblance that had vaguely puzzled him: the look in Elsa's eyes and brow of her grandmother of long ago.

'You may be like her, my child,' he said. 'You have a touch of her expression in your face, and you may grow up to be a noble, self-denying woman.'

'I shall never have to leave home for any such reason, I expect,' declared Elsa doubtfully.

'Not for the same reason, for people are growing wiser, and do not persecute each other now; but,



who knows? Some other trial may come, and then it will be noble to give up ease and comfort "for conscience' sake."

Elsa raised her eyes wistfully to his, then smiled, and went with slow steps into the garden.

The Mozarts' visit was not destined to end quite so harmoniously as it had begun. Herr von Eberstein was just now returning from the forest, where he had viewed with satisfaction a kind of sacrificial grove, in which dead polecats, badgers, stoats, and weasels were suspended from the trunks of trees.

As he tramped down towards the courtyard, and marked the fair scene before him—the old castle in the foreground, the wooded ravine beyond, from which the murmur of the torrent arose, the hills on the further side of the stream, and the opening of the glen towards the plain where Salzburg stood—his heart swelled with pride and gratification. A peasant took off his slouched hat as he passed, and the *parvenu* could not repress the thought: 'Once I, too, was like that fellow there; now, here I am, lord of the castle yonder.'

An abrupt shock was given to these pleasing reflections by the sudden spectacle of his grandson, shouting with terrific energy, and preceded by a tiny figure in an apple-green coat, shouldering a violin, and playing with might and main. Two girls, with arms entwined, sat upon a garden seat, cheering this mimic regiment marching to the wars.

'Who can these children be?' thought the Herr. 'Oh! by the bye, I said Mozart might bring up his boy and girl. They seem quite at home, upon my word and honour!'



The sight of Leopold Mozart, walking with Lucinda and Paul Engelhardt in the distance, enjoying the lovely evening, and smiling on the children's play, was resented by the host as an additional annoyance. Such familiarity was not at all to his taste. According to his ideas, the Mozart visit would proceed somewhat after this fashion: the father and his children were to wait in an ante-room, enlivened by an occasional gracious word from their patron till he chose to call for music; then, before the assembled family circle, the infant prodigy was to be produced, and to perform. Having been amazed and delighted by the present of a florin all for himself, the little Mozart was to be then taken home with his sister by their proud and gratified father.

Like many self-made men, the Herr von Eberstein had ridiculously exclusive ideas, and, as has already been shown, his appreciation of art was that of an ignorant boor. He should not be too severely blamed for this. In the age in which he lived musicians were frequently treated like lackeys, even by the rich and great. 'Music,' observed Handel's father, a respectable surgeon, 'is an elegant art and fine amusement, but as an occupation it hath little dignity, having for its object nothing better than mere entertainment and pleasure.' If an educated professional man could so express himself on this divine theme, an uncultured *nouveau riche* might be pardoned for sharing the same opinion.

'Tut! tut! what a hubbub!' he shouted, and strode towards the castle, muttering, 'These Mozarts need to be taught to know their place. It is the last time



those impudent children come within my gates.' His greeting to the guest, whom he esteemed no better than a vassal, was of the briefest and curtest description, and he deigned no word of notice to the two children. Herr Mozart was not slow to perceive the lowering frown upon the brow of his host; and as the Court Composer was in no mind to bear open rudeness, he took an earlier leave of Castle Höhenfels than he had intended.



## CHAPTER V.

### THE RUINED WING.

FROM the time of little Wolfgang Mozart's visit, Rudolf's earnestness in the study of music increased so much that his good-natured aunt ventured to suggest he should take regular lessons. The effect produced upon Von Eberstein by this appeal was somewhat alarming.

'No!' thundered he furiously. 'Do you want him to grow up to follow his father's example, and fling himself away upon a strolling musician?'

'My poor sister-in-law was not a strolling musician,' answered Lucinda firmly. 'I have heard that Otilie was a good and virtuous maiden, who supported herself by teaching, and never lent her voice to unworthy songs. And she has trained her children to be docile, modest, and true.'

'Child, you know nothing about it,' returned her irascible father, more gently. 'But I will not, considering the past, hire your Leopold Mozart to teach Rudolf music. He is to enter the commercial house of Wolff Brothers when he is old enough.'

'But he may have recreation; and he loves music.'

'Recreation! yes. I don't want to cut the little lad off from his amusements. He is a good boy enough. Let him strum on the clavichord, then, as a pastime; but let me hear of nothing more.'

Lucinda was forced to be content with this rejoinder.



der ; but Rudolf longed to spend more time over his beloved instrument than was possible in the room of state, the *salon*, where he was always fearful of disturbing others by attempting to work out his musical ideas.

One July afternoon there was a great thunderstorm among the mountains. The crashing peals reverberated from height to height, the sky was dark and lurid, the jagged flashes shot athwart the clouds in dazzling terror. Rudolf was the only inhabitant of the castle who was not alarmed. Even little Elsa, though she strove to exercise self-control, quivered with excitement, and hid her face in Aunt Lucinda's lap. But Rudolf, though he was in one sense more timid than his sister, seemed to rise above the stir and strife with undaunted courage. Before harsh or unsympathetic men he shrank ; before the warring of Nature he showed a composure that amazed his elders. From a window in the little turret chamber at the angle formed by one of the castle wings he watched the darkness brooding over the valley, the lightning blazoned on high, and, when the tempest was well-nigh spent, the fierce rainstorm driving in long, long shafts athwart mountain, forest, and hamlet. It gave him a wild delight to witness it all : a kind of joyous excitement took possession of him.

At last the storm was nearly over, and, released from the mental tension, Rudolf began to wonder what he should do next. His lessons were learned ; he would not be allowed to go out, for the rough paths were streaming like rivers ; Elsa was with Aunt Lucinda in her chamber, and he had nothing to read, while if he descended to the *salon* and began to play



the clavier, grandpapa would be disturbed. A thought struck him. There was much of the castle he had not explored; the present was a favourable time, and he would set forth at once.

It has been said that the castle consisted of three parts, built on three sides of a courtyard. One of the wings had fallen into partial decay; the outside was covered with ivy, that drooped thickly over blank casements, from which no face ever looked forth. The deserted wing was to be the scene of Rudolf's investigations, and his starting-point, the tower chamber, stood at the junction of this wing with the rest of the castle.

Carefully descending the winding stair, and closing the door behind him that led up to the little turret chamber, Rudolf found himself in the oaken gallery on the first floor, before a huge portal. It was locked, but the key was there, and with much ado he ventured to turn it and enter the sombre and deserted corridor. Closing the door behind him, he trod carefully along the creaking boards, enjoying the sensation of doing something quite unusual. Upon his right hand, towards the courtyard, stretched a row of closely-shuttered windows; on his left hand were doors leading from the gallery into rooms, as he supposed. The only light came from a lofty window, high up in the wall at the distant end of the corridor facing the little adventurer, tapestried thickly with cobwebs, and with ivy nodding and beckoning through the broken panes. The light that pierced through this casement was pale and spectral.

Rudolf tried the doors of the rooms he passed. Some of them were tightly fastened, for, although he knew it not, the flooring was broken away within,



and had he entered, he would have looked down into the dark region, given over to stores and lumber, that formed the lower part of this wing. At last he tried a door that yielded to his efforts, and in he went.

What a strange room! The casement was unshuttered and unveiled, save by the ivy that had encroached without; and by the evening light that pierced through its dusty panes Rudolf could see the room was furnished in the meagre fashion that was then considered ample. The door of an empty dressing-closet stood ajar in the farther corner, and a huge four-post bedstead, with curtains of faded tapestry, and with spiders' webs thickly festooned above them, had evidently been long untenanted. There was a table covered with a piece of faded green cloth, a set of rush-bottomed chairs, thick with dust, and, oh! wonder of wonders! there, in the further corner of the room, stood a spinet or clavier. Upon its surface lay the dust of months, perhaps of years; above it, from the ceiling, waved the dim, grey banner of the spider; long-legged insects of portentous size and alarming shape scudded away across the floor as Rudolf entered, and the gnawing of mice or rats was distinctly audible behind the wainscot. There was a strange mouldy smell, as of a room shut up for a long, long time from the air of heaven or the cleansing hand of any human being. Yet the boy had but one thought as he went towards the instrument—Would it come open, and would it play?

His anxiety was relieved on the first point. He raised the cover, and laid a tremulous hand on the keys. With a sound, faint and quavering as his touch, they answered him, and strangely unnatural seemed



the tones in that deserted chamber. Rudolf quickly discovered that the instrument had been an excellent one, and that, although it was sadly in need of tuning and care, it was really of a better stamp than the clavichord in the room of state.

Here was a delightful discovery ! The boy played away with all his might and main, sending the long-disused notes thrilling through the startled air, and only when the gathering darkness warned him to retreat did he become cognisant of the great strangeness of the circumstances. Why was a furnished room shut up like this, and never mentioned ? Why was so good an instrument neglected so shamefully ?

‘You shall not be dusty any more !’ said Rudolf tenderly, as if the clavier were alive. With his handkerchief he strove to remove a little of the dust ; then, finding this was hopeless, he boldly seized the mouldering green table-cloth, dislodging several spiders in the act, and scrubbed vigorously at the case. After reverently closing it, he left the room, shut the door, and threaded his way back through the dark corridor to the inhabited portion of the castle.

Aunt Lucinda, Elsa, and the servants were too much absorbed in dwelling on their terror at the past storm to notice the begrimed state of Rudolf’s attire. He felt like one with a guilty secret on his mind. How happy he should be if he might only go to that room when he liked, and make music there to his heart’s content ! He would get the instrument tuned somehow, and then no king would be happier or prouder than he in his own little kingdom !

But he could not be satisfied without speaking to some one about it ; and yet he shrank, he knew not



why, from addressing his Aunt Lucinda. His mind was soon made up. Seeking out old Bettina, who was sitting spinning in her little sanctum, he boldly inquired of her why there was one furnished room in the deserted wing of the castle.

She started from him with horrified gaze.

'*Ach*, my child! thou hast not been there?'

'And why not, Bettina?'

'My child, that room is haunted!'

'How do you know it is haunted?' was Rudolf's not unnatural inquiry, though his heart beat a little faster.

'Do not ask me, my son. Not a person in the castle would enter it. The wife of the last owner, the Baroness Höhenfels, was very unhappy—cruelly used, they say, though I know not. She loved that chamber in the ruined wing, and died there. Her spirit still walks the room at night. At her death the baron was overcome by remorse or terror. He would let no one touch the furniture; so it stays as she left it, or else the unquiet ghost would perchance visit the other part of the castle, being driven from its haunts. What possessed thee to go there? We must bar the door into that wing.'

'No, no; please do not,' pleaded Rudolf. 'Tell me, Bettina, has any one ever seen the ghost?'

Bettina could not say that any one had. She certainly had not.

'Has any one heard it?'

Bettina could not recollect that any of her master's household had done so.

'But if you don't know that any one has ever seen or heard it,' pursued Rudolf, 'how do you know there is such a thing? I don't believe there is; or if there



was a ghost, it has gone away by this time. So, kind Bettina, don't bar the door. I will not tell my aunt, if you think it would frighten her.'

'Pray don't, my son!' exclaimed the old nurse; 'and tell no one else, unless thou wilt alarm the whole household. Perhaps thou art right; yet I wish thou hadst let the room alone.'

Paul Engelhardt was surprised the next day by Rudolf's earnestly questioning him as to the existence of wandering spirits. It was a superstitious age; but fortunately the tutor had sufficient good sense to argue forcibly on the side of courage and reason.

The next point was the tuning of the instrument; and in this fortune unexpectedly favoured the little musician. The tuner of Aunt Lucinda's clavichord happened to come up from Salzburg a few days after the great discovery. No one but Rudolf was within, and he contrived to convey the stolid Salzburger unseen into the deserted wing, after his ostensible work was done, bribing him with his pocket-money to put the instrument in order and keep silence.

So now the boy was provided with a kingdom of his own, in which he might take refuge and make melody to his heart's content, secure that none would follow him. There was little chance of being heard in the courtyard, for two massive walls and a corridor intervened, and all the windows in that direction were heavily shuttered. A deserted grass-grown space, sloping down into forest, lay below the front of the wing in which was the haunted chamber. No foot of prying mortal was likely to come that way; but if any one did happen to wander there, and hear strains from the closed and ivy-grown upper window, there



were ten chances to one that he would flee without further investigation, in the terrified belief that the spirit of the former Lady Höhenfels was awaking echoes from the spinet she touched of old.

Rudolf's secret was easily kept in that huge rambling building and among the scanty household. Early in the summer morning, before any one was stirring, he would steal off to the deserted wing of the castle, and give himself up to music—his sweet child's voice ringing through the carefully closed room, his fingers growing more and more skilful, and his brain prompting sometimes a simple melody that he wrote down to show to Herr Mozart when he came. There were other times when, as there was nobody to exercise a very active surveillance over his proceedings, Master Rudolf would vanish to his retreat; and he chose them well, lest he should be detected and forbidden.

But at evening, in the gloaming, even his love of music would scarcely suffice to send him to the room that had been called haunted, though his self-control and reason kept him safe from fears in the daytime.

He longed to share his secret with Elsa, but he knew her imaginative nature so well that he feared she might be alarmed so far as to betray him. Nurse Bettina said no more about the matter to him, nor he to her.

And not the clavier only, but the violin, absorbed his leisure hours. He has not been introduced hitherto as a performer on that instrument, because, to speak candidly, he has not yet arrived at the stage when performance is agreeable to the listener. None the less does Rudolf possess a good violin, the gift of his mother, upon which he is beginning to be a fair performer. Lessons in Vienna early laid an excellent



foundation, and Paul Engelhardt gives him many a spare half-hour's instruction. Herr Mozart also often hears him play, and has presented him with a copy of his own *Attempt towards a Fundamental Method for the Violin*.

So Rudolf is in a fair way to become a musician of no mean order. How is it that Von Eberstein does not observe and put a stop to these incidental lessons from Mozart and Engelhardt?

There was no concealment about their proceedings. But the grandfather's strictly commercial way of looking at matters blinded him to what was going on under his very eyes. Nothing for nothing, he argued. Mozart and Engelhardt were not paid for teaching Rudolf music; therefore they would not teach him music, or, at least, teach him anything worth paying for. It was only 'amusement' for him and for them, not to be seriously noticed.

And, indeed, all the boy's play-hours soon became devoted to music. He was often hidden with the clavier in the 'haunted room' when his aunt and sister supposed him to be scraping away at his violin in his little chamber, or out in the woods, as had been his wont. But Elsa did not fail to notice his long and frequent absences from her.

'Rudolf,' she said, one evening, as they were in the forest, 'I believe you are like the King Numa Pompilius we were reading about with Herr Engelhardt.'

'Why?' demanded her brother.

'He used to go away a great deal alone to see a nymph Egeria, who talked to him in secret in the woods and groves. You are always leaving me now and going away. Do you know a nymph Egeria?'



'Yes, I do,' answered Rudolf; 'but her name is not Egeria; it is Music. If I do not play all I can now, I shall never grow to be a musician like Herr Mozart. He told me so yesterday, and he says Wolfgang is always busy with music.'

Elsa sighed, but tried to stifle the pain that was growing in her tender heart. She suddenly recollected an important piece of news that she had intended to disclose gradually during this forest ramble.

'I have had a letter from Nannerl Mozart,' she observed, with a mysterious look.

'Well! What? Are she and Wolfgang coming here again?'

'No; I don't think grandpapa would ask them. That is not it at all. Well I suppose I must tell you. Wolfgang is going, on the first of September next, to take part in a piece with a Latin name, 'Sigismundus Hungariæ Rex,' set to music by Eberlin, the court organist. It is to be acted in the hall of the University at Salzburg.'

'Oh, I wish we could go!' cried Rudolf.

'I wish so, too; but I am afraid grandpapa will not let us.'

The fear was well-founded. [Herr von Eberstein had naturally no interest or part in the festivities of the archbishop's court, and he could not conceive why his grandchildren should wish to attend this performance. So when the weeks came round, Rudolf and Elsa were obliged to be content with merely hearing of the appearance of the infant object of their adoration among the counts and students—the first public appearance of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, on September 1, 1761, at the age of five and a half.



## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

ONE afternoon in October Herr Leopold Mozart was riding leisurely round to the back of Castle Höhenfels, to give Lucinda her weekly lesson, when his quick ear was caught by a faint sound of music, coming, as it seemed, from the uninhabited wing. He dismounted, gave his horse to a groom, and walked swiftly away, turning the corner, until he found himself below the front of the deserted part of the castle. Yes ; he was not mistaken. There were the tones of a clavier floating from above, and faintly as they were heard, he thought he recognised Rudolf's touch.

After the usual greeting to his lady pupil, he began,—

‘I am glad, fräulein, that you allow your gifted nephew an instrument on which to practise at his will. I now comprehend a little more distinctly the reason for his remarkable and swift improvement. Yet I have never heard him speak of another clavier, which surprises me somewhat.’

‘I don't understand you,’ answered Lucinda, with wide-open eyes.

‘I have heard but just now Rudolf von Eberstein performing in the deserted wing of the castle.’

The formal professor was astonished to see Fräulein



von Eberstein turn pale, and put forth both her hands.

‘Do not—do not say so, Herr Mozart. You frighten me!’

Herr Mozart waited calmly until the explanation came—in broken, gasping utterances :

‘The haunted chamber is there, in which the Baroness Höhenfels died. It is her spirit you heard.’

Leopold Mozart was remarkably free from superstition, and of a quiet, cautious temperament. The subject, once aroused, could not be allowed to drop, or he saw Lucinda would terrify herself into illness. Even now her trembling hands showed that she was totally unfit to take a lesson in music.

Her alarm was not so ridiculous at that period as it would be at the present day.

At the Prussian court—seat of military stoicism, cold philosophy, and not by any means of lively imagination—the inhabitants of the palace had long shuddered at the White Lady, sweeping with her spectral raiment, and knocking with her phantom broom against the skirting of the walls at midnight. And a few years later Cagliostro mystified and plundered all Vienna, making men and women believe that they could, by looking into a mirror, foresee future events, or behold the forms of departed friends.

‘Mademoiselle, will you allow me to point out to you that I heard just now performed an air by Wagenseil, which the late lamented Baroness Höhenfels cannot have been acquainted with, as it was not published in her lifetime. And I apprehend that her spirit has not opportunities for procuring and practising new music. I should like to elucidate this



mystery, if I may do so, without delay. Will you be so kind as to have me conducted to the haunted chamber ?'

'Nobody will take you there,' faltered Lucinda, pale with terror.

'At least, then, indicate to me the way, that I may find it alone.'

Herr Mozart's calmness gave the poor young lady a certain degree of confidence. She summoned to her aid as much self-control as she could, led him up the oaken staircase and along the inhabited corridors, till they arrived at the great door communicating with the ruined wing.

'You will not come with me?' inquired the *maestro*.

'Oh no! no!' gasped Lucinda.

'Wait but a moment, and I shall reassure you,' said the professor. The door re-echoed behind him, and his quick step sounded fainter and fainter in the distance.

Rudolf, playing away on his clavichord in the blissful certainty that his aunt was engaged with her music master, that Elsa was working at an embroidery frame with Bettina, and that his grandfather was out hunting for the day, felt his heart throb violently on hearing through the door he had carelessly left ajar that step coming towards his secret haunt. In another moment he was confronted by Herr Leopold Mozart, who, taking him by the collar without more ado, marched him off to the oaken portal, outside which Lucinda had succumbed upon a low window sill.

'Behold, mademoiselle, your family ghost!' he observed kindly. 'Reassure your aunt, my little



*virtuoso*. There is nothing in that chamber more terrible than a great deal of dust, and a great many spiders, with perhaps a few mice and rats; but I should suggest that the instrument is too valuable to be left to such companions.'

'Rudolf, how could you?' ejaculated Lucinda, half shuddering still.

'Come, come,' said the professor, 'let us descend to the fire in the hall, and hear all about it.'

When Lucinda was closely questioned concerning the reason for her superstitious terrors, it proved, as is frequently the case in such matters, that they had no definite ground of any kind. At the time her father bought the castle, the servants were told that room was haunted by the spirit of Baroness Höhenfels, whose story had been a sad one, and who had died in the lonely chamber among the ruins where she had taken refuge in her lifetime.

'A family ghost probably enhanced the worth of the property to the bourgeois purchaser,' reflected the astute Mozart. 'Ghosts do not, as a rule, belong to *nouveaux riches*. I hope Herr von Eberstein will not bear me a grudge for intruding into the domains of this one, and lessening its prestige.'

Rudolf's earnest assurance that he had never seen any ghosts, or heard them, and Herr Mozart's half caustic raillery, succeeded in making Lucinda a little more reasonable about the matter.

'But you are a naughty, naughty boy!' she cried. 'How could you go away in the cold?—and you have a cough, too, and your cheeks are thin! Oh, Rudolf, it was very thoughtless and wicked of you not to tell me.'



'It has not been cold weather long, and I did not tell you because I thought you would be frightened,' said Rudolf, much crestfallen at this new aspect of the matter. 'Nurse Bettina said you would.'

'Nurse Bettina is getting near her dotage,' declared Lucinda. 'If her eyes were not so dim she would have seen how ill you are looking, and done something to put a stop to all this. She is very much to blame.'

'Come, come,' said Herr Mozart soothingly. 'Boys do not think much of attending to their health, and doubtless the nurse of whom you speak acted for the best. But now I would urge you to have the chamber swept and cleansed, fräulein, and to allow a fire to burn there, if only for the health of the clavier.'

Lucinda at first declared no servant would go near the room; but by degrees she became a little more reasonable, and the upshot of Herr Mozart's persuasion was that she found a stable boy without imagination, who was willing, for a few gröschen, to keep the chamber in order, and to kindle a fire on the hearth daily. Much horror was excited in the household by this proceeding, but the stable boy did his work unmoved, and Rudolf reaped the benefit in health as well as the clavier; for, indeed, they had both already suffered a little from the autumn chills.

Herr von Eberstein was not at first told of this little domestic episode. He was thoroughly occupied in shooting over the neighbouring hill slopes and forests, and was out from morning till night, sleeping heavily all the evening after his meal. So there was little encouragement to conversation, and Lucinda



disliked the subject. Nothing would have induced her to approach the haunted chamber. Her judgment might be convinced, but for all that, the superstition had too strong a hold upon her to be shaken off. Rudolf was a strange child. He might play there if he were really not afraid, but *she* could not go.

And Elsa? When Paul Engelhardt entered the schoolroom one day after she had been told of the discovery, he found her with her face pressed against the window, her Latin exercise on the table only half written, and the books lying neglected at the side. At his voice she turned round, startled and unwilling, and he saw great tears coursing slowly down her cheeks.

‘What ails you, Elsa?’ he inquired.

Elsa shook her head, and hurriedly dried her eyes.

‘I am sorry the exercise is not done, Herr Engelhardt,’ she said. ‘I did not know you would be here so soon.’

But her attempts at self-control were useless, and she broke into a fresh fit of weeping.

‘You are not crying about the Latin, I know,’ said Paul Engelhardt gently. ‘If you are, show me the difficulties, and I will explain them away.’

Elsa was very much in need of some friend to whom she could unburden her little heart; and Aunt Lucinda, kind as she was, would hardly understand her. This tutor, who always treated her so courteously and gently, with the respect he would give to a woman of his own age, save that he extended to her the protection due to a child, wooed her confidence. Then he loved Rudolf, too! Slowly, and



with many a fresh burst of tears, she confessed her grief. She was very sorry to be so foolish and selfish, but she wished Rudolf had told her his secret about the haunted room. He spent so much time away from her now. It was not *that* she minded, if he would tell her things. But she knew nothing about music, and was stupid, and no fit friend for him. Her mother, just before she died, had begged her to take care of Rudolf always, and be a little mother to him; and she loved him—oh, so dearly!—but she could not be so much of a help to him as she ought to be, and wanted to be. If she were, he would have shared his secret with her. Much more, to the same effect, the child poured out to the sympathising ears of her friend.

Paul saw that it was not feminine pique at being left much alone, or jealousy of a pursuit in which she had no share, that tormented the little sister. Rather was it the passionate desire to be a help and comfort in every part of her brother's existence, and the feeling that here she must stand without; that Rudolf was slipping away from her to live his own life; that she had no longer the full confidence of the companion who was all-in-all to her, and could not, much as she longed, be his 'second self.' These thoughts rent the tender heart.

'I think I can comfort you,' said Paul kindly. 'The reason why Rudolf did not tell you his secret about the hidden room was that he did not want to frighten you. Haunted chambers are apt to alarm people, Elsa; and older persons than you, silly as it seems, were scared at the thought. I know that Rudolf wanted to tell you,' added Paul positively;



'but he did not, from love and thoughtfulness for you. He told me so himself.'

Elsa looked up, and a gleam of brightness stole into her tear-stained face.

'That was very good of him,' she murmured; 'but then, Herr Engelhardt, it is true that I am not a fit friend for him now. I don't know enough of music. I try, but I cannot understand, though I like the sounds; and I have never anything to say that can help him. I am so silly and stupid. It seems as if he lived somewhere away from me, and I cannot get at him,' continued poor Elsa, trying to explain herself. 'Now, with Nannerl Mozart it is different. She loves Wolfgang as I love Rudolf; but she can play wonderfully, too, and she can sympathise with everything.'

'Elsa, I want to speak seriously to you,' said Paul Engelhardt, clasping his hands behind him, and beginning to pace up and down the room. 'Rudolf will one day, I believe, be a great musician. He will want all the gentle and soothing care he can have. Men do not want to be always on the strain—always talking and thinking of their art, noble though it may be. They need some grateful quiet for nerves that are painfully strung; some soothing tenderness to come home to and rest in—to gather fresh energy for work. You have seen the lark sink down to its nest. Well, so a "genius," as I believe Rudolf to be, needs a warm, quiet nest, even though it is lowly, to sink down to and nestle in, to rest for the upward flight that is to follow. Now, you may do one of two things. You may be always fretting and worrying that Rudolf lives a life apart from you in one way,



and trying to be a musician yourself—which, my child, I can tell you you never will, nor can be, in his sense—thus irritating and chafing himself and you. Or you may be content just to do that which you can do well for him—give him the love, the care, the soothing he needs, and which, when he grows older, he will day by day want more and more. If you do this, he will insensibly let you into the secrets of his inner life. Just now he is much absorbed, and forgets, as boys will, that you may be pained by it. Well, do *not* be pained by it, but remember what ministry may be yours in days to come, and never fail in being his self-forgetful little sister. It will be all he needs, do not fear.'

'I am so glad if that is true,' murmured Elsa, after a pause. 'I was afraid I was not enough for him any longer.'

'Never think so again. Why, unless I am very much mistaken, you will be his chief comfort and helper in days to come, and laugh when you look back upon these childish misgivings.'

Elsa smiled, her tears were dried, and Paul Engelhardt saw that the trouble was over.

Oh, that love between brother and sister! Keep it, girl-reader, as your choicest possession. Guard your heart and tongue with tenderness, that never a harsh or bitter word escape you. Strive to yield the help, the love, the sympathy that you only can give. For if in the friction of home life you neglect to cultivate this true sisterhood, there may come a day when a grave lies at your feet, and when the bitterest pang in the agony of separation comes from the thought, 'It is too late!'





## CHAPTER VII.

### A GREAT DISCOVERY.

**R**UDOLF and Elsa von Eberstein, now fairly established with congenial occupation in their home among the Salzburg Alps, might well be left to grow and develop for a term of years without too much observation, as children should ; but there is one more incident to record before we pass to the story of their after life.

November had come, with its shortened days, its



mists fleeting amain down the valley, the roar of swollen brooks, and the sighing of leafless trees. In every season of the year there is beauty in Nature for the loving observer, and never did Elsa fail to delight in the surroundings of her home, though they had lost the glow and smile of summer. Rudolf, however, mourned that he had so little daylight in which to visit his music-room, for he was not yet brave enough to traverse the deserted corridor after the shades of evening had descended, or before the night had yielded to the dawn.

Indeed, a certain tremor of late had seized him when he found himself secluded from the rest of the household. The logs burnt brightly on the great hearth, an occasional faint ray of sunlight would steal through the ivied casement, the room was no longer an abode of dust and decay, and when he became absorbed in the tones of the clavichord Rudolf would forget his vague terrors. But day after day, when the fascination drew him back to his retreat, the old alarm would creep about him, till at times he would actually leap up and rush from the chamber, only to suffer remorse and vexation afterwards for having so abruptly cut short the precious hour of study.

Elsa was startled one day by seeing Rudolf come suddenly flying down the wide oaken staircase into the great hall, where she was reading by the hearth. His face was pale, his eyes were wide open, with an indescribable look of terror in them.

'Oh, Rudolf! what is it?' she cried, turning paler than usual herself.

'Nothing; nothing at all, Elsa,' he retorted, almost with irritation. Then he began to try and amuse



himself by sliding down the oaken balustrades, thinking the while how foolish he was to have run away from nothing, and left the clavier open, too! He noted the look of distress in his sister's face, and heard her stifle a quiet sigh. Elsa did not know that it would have been absolutely impossible for Rudolf to share his terror with her, for to a child afflicted with vague apprehensions in which the supernatural has a part, to put the horror into words is to give it tenfold strength. What was it he was fleeing from?

Rudolf was fleeing from the conviction that in the deserted wing of the castle *he was no longer alone*. The sense of a companionship—unknown and therefore dreadful—had stolen vaguely into his consciousness. He could give no reason for this, and at times, when with Elsa or Aunt Lucinda, it would seem to him as a ridiculous dream. Then he would go boldly back to the lonely wing, where Hans, the stable boy, never failed to set the room in order for his little master. Rudolf would argue with himself:

‘Hans comes here every day, and he is not frightened. I have been here for a long time now, and never seen or heard anything to scare me.’

Sometimes the arguments would take effect, and sometimes not. If they did not, the boy would scold himself thus:

‘Very well, you stupid fellow. Don't go to your clavier. Lose all your practice time, and be like a silly girl, afraid of an owl or a bat, or perhaps a mouse.’

For two or three days he actually stayed away, suffering dreadfully all the time from vexation and self-reproach, till Aunt Lucinda asked him, with an



effort, if he wished any more fires lighted in his retreat.

'*Täntchen*,' said poor Rudolf, 'could not the clavi-chord be carried out into some other room in this part of the castle?'

His face grew so pale as he spoke, that the timorous Lucinda's heart gave a great throb. 'The boy has seen something. That is why he will not go. And if the instrument is moved, who knows what the unquiet spirit (if there is one) may do next? Perhaps come and haunt this part also.' She would have been ashamed to put this into words, so she only said, 'No, no, Rudolf. Grandpapa would not like that room disturbed in any way. But had you not better give up practising there, and let me have the door locked?'

This would really have been a serious catastrophe, so Rudolf, mastering his fears, exclaimed, 'No. *Täntchen*! Do not. I shall go there as usual to-morrow.'

Lucinda looked uneasy. Should she forbid this outright? No. Herr Mozart's politely-veiled sarcasm when he found it out would be too trying. She said nothing, and the next day Rudolf returned courageously to his haunt, but started back on opening the door, for he had the feeling instantly, so inexplicable yet so familiar, that the room was not empty. He glanced around. The faded tapestry of the bed furniture, the chairs, the table—all were as he had left them, and there was no sign of a presence, human or supernatural. He rushed to the clavier to allay the visionary apprehension in the tones he loved so well, and before long he forgot his fears.



But they returned with each succeeding visit. Nay, more; the boy began to feel almost certain that he heard now and then a rustling, a stirring, and once an audible sigh close beside him.

Was it the spirit of the poor Baroness Höhenfels hovering round the instrument she had loved of yore? Rudolf tried to think of everything Paul Engelhardt had said of the absurdity of being afraid of ghosts, and ended by being afraid more and more. He felt that if the oaken door leading into the inhabited portion of the castle should one day, by any chance, be locked against him on his return, he should go mad with terror. Such a possibility began to haunt his thoughts, and he now seriously felt he must give up the mysterious room and his beloved clavier, if he could not find relief from the horror of this impalpable dread. Yet what would his life be without that dear delight, and with the sense of a horrible mystery in its place? No wonder that the boy's cheeks grew pale, and his dark eyes looked out with a mournful gaze from sunken orbits. Elsa was inwardly almost broken-hearted by seeing her brother was not well, and finding that he would not confide in her. The truth was that he could not!

It was Paul Engelhardt who brought matters to a crisis. The tutor and pupil were alone together, and Rudolf had been struggling unsuccessfully with his lesson in arithmetic, when Paul suddenly shut the book, and said—

‘Now, my boy, what is it? You are distressed and uneasy about something. Is it anything that has alarmed you in your music-room?’

Rudolf did not deny it, but was silent. His master



waited, resolved, for the boy's own sake, to have an answer. At last, almost in a whisper, it came,—

‘I cannot help feeling there is something—or some one—there.’

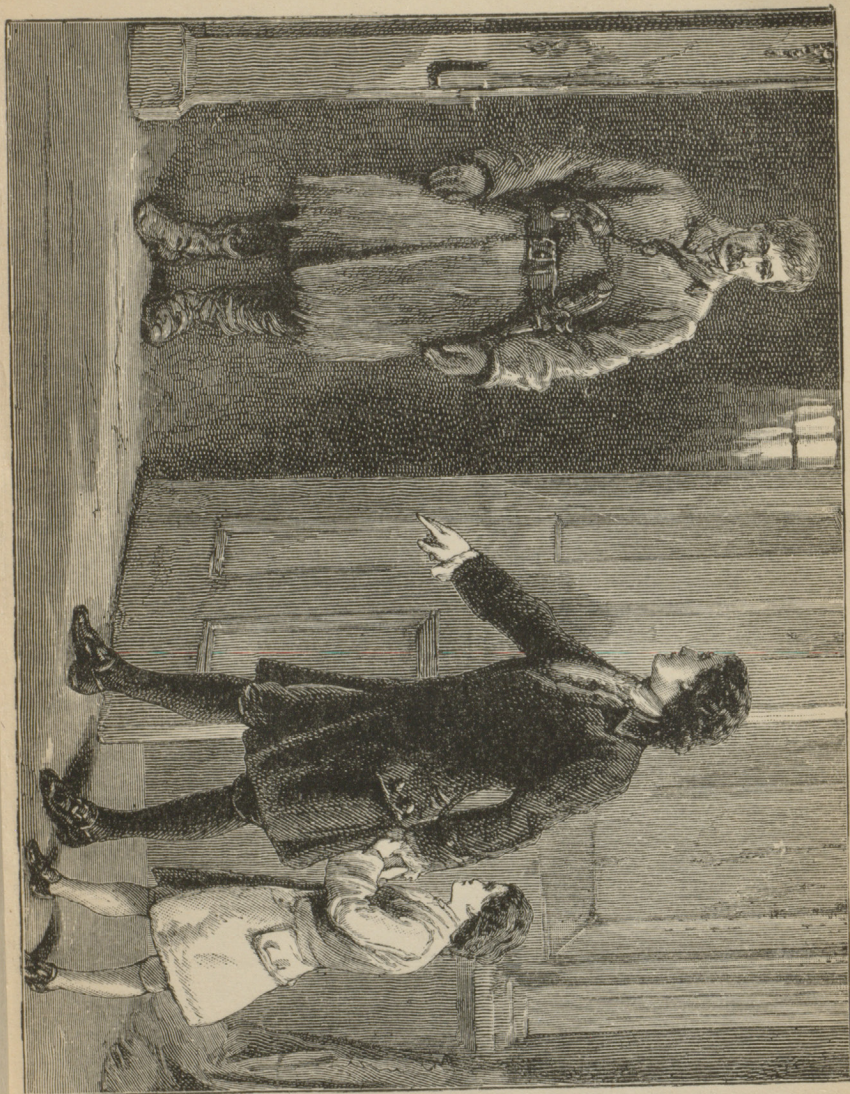
‘Let us go and see, then!’ said Paul, in his cheeriest tones, rising as he spoke. ‘There is nothing like searching into these matters at once.’

Half afraid, half relieved, Rudolf followed. The two passed quickly through the great oaken portal, and to the door of the ‘haunted room,’ which Paul flung open with an air of cheerful confidence. Strange! there certainly was a hurried sound as he did so: not the creaking of the door on its hinges, nor yet the crackling of the logs on the hearth, though Paul swiftly questioned himself as to the possibility of the noise being referred to either of these sources. There was also the indescribable feeling of ‘habitation’ about the room, empty though it appeared, and in its usual trim.

‘Stay there, and let me satisfy you,’ said Engelhardt, in a low voice. Rudolf paused on the threshold, and Paul flung aside the curtains of the bedstead, which was untenanted. Yet some ancient coverings that lay there looked to an observant eye as if they had been recently disturbed. Paul glanced around. There was no other place where an intruder could hide. Stay! There was a door communicating with the little dressing-closet that has before been mentioned—a closed door. Engelhardt strode to it, and would have opened it to complete his investigations. The door was bolted on the inside!

A timid man would have rushed away for help, but Paul Engelhardt was not a timid man. He had only











time to wish he had his pistols or his sword, or to wish Rudolf were not with him, before he struck a blow upon the panel, and cried, 'Yield yourself up, or I shall alarm the house.'

'Have mercy on me!' came a voice from within the closet—a man's voice. 'I am no thief. Have pity, and do not call any one. Promise me this, and I will open the door.'

'If you are speaking truth, I promise,' returned Paul. The door opened.

What a pitiable sight! There stood a man of some thirty years, tall, but gaunt and thin, with wild eyes and ragged clothing. One ankle was bound round with bandages. In his girdle hung a pair of pistols; but at his aspect fear died away, to give place to the utmost compassion. Rudolf had rushed in, and caught at his tutor's hand.

'What are you, and what do you here?' sternly inquired Paul. 'And give me those pistols before you answer.'

'They are not loaded,' replied the wretched creature, obeying nevertheless. 'I am a deserter from the Prussian army. Swear you will not betray me, and I will confess everything.'

'We are no friends to the Prussians in this house, and shall certainly not betray you,' said Engelhardt, 'but you are far enough away by this time from the field of war!'

'They can send after me. Their recruiting officers are keen as foxes, swift as bloodhounds!' cried the man, limping a step or two into the room, and dropping at the knees of Paul. 'They hunt deserters all over Europe. They will torture me to death! Have mercy!'



'Why, you are famished for want of food, and want some heart put into you. Off, Rudolf, and get him something without letting any one know.'

Like an arrow from the bow the child sped away.

At the mention of food a wolfish gleam came into the man's eyes.

'I have eaten nothing but a little black bread for days,' he said faintly.

Paul forbore to question him till Rudolf returned with a loaf, a jug of milk, and a piece of cold meat. Then it was necessary to prevent the starving creature from eating too voraciously, which, in his condition, would have been highly dangerous. His hunger satisfied, the deserter gave an account of himself, to which the tutor and pupil listened with a mixture of pity and indignation.

It was, alas! no uncommon story in those days. The father of Frederick the Great, Frederick William I., had such a passion for having tall men in his army, that his agents, when they could not enlist them by fair means, would kidnap them by foul. The evil fashion thus begun laid down a low standard of morality in the procuring of soldiers, and Prussian recruiting-sergeants were by no means particular as to the methods they used for procuring tall and stalwart men for their sovereign's army. The Prussian military service was a horrible slavery. Strict discipline was enforced by cruel punishments. Men grew to detest their very lives under such a régime. Deserting became, therefore, a constant act, although incredible precautions were taken to prevent it.

The man was a native of a village in the Tyrol, not very far from Salzburg. He was, accordingly, not a



Prussian at all, but he had been beguiled away from his wife and child by Prussian recruiting officers, and when, finding out his wretched fate, he tried to escape, he was cruelly beaten. After many futile attempts he had at last succeeded in baffling the vigilance of the sentries. Over trackless mountains, through pathless forests, he had for weeks been struggling towards his home, only sustained by the thought of his poor young wife. Peasants had taken pity on him, and helped him with a little food and money. He had escaped recapture, and had somehow, in his journeying over the mountains, descended late one evening on the hamlet of Höhenfels. Lame and footsore, further walking was impossible. The courtyard was open, the deserted wing of the castle was the only shelter visible, and the deserter had dragged himself there to hide his pain and misery from the cruel November weather. For many days he had been lurking in the ruins, avoiding the periodical visits of Hans, crawling, for the sake of warmth, to the music room, and hiding himself when he heard the opening of the distant oaken door. A man who has been hunted like a wild beast gains wonderful aptitude in choosing and concealing a lair, wonderful quickness of hearing and of design. Heinrich Stern only intended to shelter in the castle till his lameness should be cured, and he could start afresh. He knew it was the last place where his enemies would look for him if they came to Höhenfels, whereas every peasant's cottage would be searched.

The story of his adventures would be a tale in itself, and cannot be recorded in detail. But it made the heart of Paul Engelhardt throb with rage and



pity. The youth of Germany, nay, of Europe, were beginning to have new ideas of the rights of man as man, irrespective of social position or wealth. Why should this wretched peasant be snatched from his home, carried into a military slavery, beaten and tortured, at the will of a despot, and now obliged to seek shelter in dens and caves of the earth? Paul's fingers involuntarily clenched themselves, and a crimson spot burned on his cheek.

'You shall be safe, Heinrich Stern,' he said, in a voice of forced quiet. 'You can walk well enough to get into yonder forest; there hide till I come for you. I have a horse in the stables. You shall ride back to Salzburg in my place. It is getting dusk already. I will keep you at my lodgings till you are strong enough to go home to your wife. On my honour I promise you.'

The miserable man burst into tears. Paul would have no thanks, but made him depart by means of an unused staircase leading to the ground floor, and one of the ruined windows below gave him egress into the forest.

'Now, Rudolf, for the sake of yonder fugitive, not a word! I would not allow thee to have a secret hidden here, but thou mayest let me have mine.'

'I would rather die than tell,' exclaimed the excited boy.

He kept his word. In the shadows of the gathering darkness, Heinrich Stern, wrapped in Paul's riding cloak, journeyed towards Salzburg, where the student took him in, tended and fed him from his scanty means, like the Good Samaritan of old. Danger there was none, for the pursuers had long ago been distanced, and had given up their task as hopeless. When the



deserter was convinced of this, he recovered rapidly, and in a few days Paul had the happiness of sending him, decently clad and restored to strength, to his wife and home. But before he went, Heinrich said to Paul,—

‘Didst thou not tell me yonder little sir was named Von Eberstein? One of his name, Colonel Conrad von Eberstein, perished at the storming of Schweidnitz.’

It was too true. The tidings came late to the castle, but they did come, that the colonel had fallen. The forces of the Austrian general, Loudon, stormed and won the fortress of Schweidnitz on October 1, 1761, but the gallant Conrad von Eberstein perished in the encounter.

Now, no word of penitence could ever come from the son to the father. A letter arrived, written by Conrad on the eve of battle, full of gratitude for his parent's care of the children, but breathing no acknowledgment of having done wrong in marrying the singer Ottilie, long years ago. Did Herr von Eberstein wish he had waived the demand for such confession? No one knew. He shut himself up for days after the news arrived, and no one dared try to comfort him. It is useless to dwell on the grief of the children and of Lucinda, but, as sorrow is wont to do, it made them all cling more closely together. The tale about the haunted room and the deserter, which Rudolf was free to relate as soon as Stern was in safety, lost all its impressiveness beside this terrible news. But the father's absence had long been the custom of the children's lives, and after a while the days went on much as usual at Castle Höhenfels.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### HARMONY AND DISCORD.

**E**IGHT years have passed over the land of 'airy beauty, rocky mountains, smooth green valleys, and swift-rushing streams,' since Rudolf discovered the clavier in the haunted room, and gave himself up to its fascinations. It is autumn again, the autumn of 1769; but the imaginary spell of a wandering spirit is no longer flung over the ruined wing of Castle Höhenfels. Long since has the legend of the ghostly lady given place before the evidence of sober experience, and the chamber is haunted no longer. But it is many months since its walls have resounded to the thrilling touch of the young musician. Elsa steals there sometimes, and is fain to sit in mournful reverie by the clavier she cannot play; it reminds her of the brother who is gone.

Rudolf has entered the commercial house of Wolff Brothers, in Augsburg, in obedience to his grandfather's wish; with what success as regards himself may be gathered from a letter that the old man is reading, with contracted brows, one October morning.

'We regret to inform you,' so ran part of the letter, 'that the young Herr you have sent us does not show his grandfather's innate aptitude for business. We have nothing to complain of lack of conscientiousness, but he has evidently little interest in his work, and has let an important contract slip in his department for



lack of zeal or overmuch frankness.' Here followed circumstantial details that caused the heavy eyebrows of Von Eberstein to contract yet more ominously. 'We venture to suggest that on his approaching visit home you should, worthy sir, represent to him that his energies are too much absorbed by the practice of music, which causes him to seclude himself from the world of men, and to abstain from making friends, save such as, like himself, are wholly given over to that diversion. Were he to lay aside this engrossing pursuit, he would perchance enter with more thoroughness into the career adorned by your honourable self.'

More followed to the same effect.

'What is it, grandfather?' inquired a gentle voice, as a tall and lovely girl, with heavy braids of soft golden-brown hair, came to his chair and laid her hand upon his arm. 'No bad news about Rudolf?'

Her earnest face and the wistfulness of her blue eyes checked him from replying as his first impulse dictated, 'Very bad news indeed!' He only growled out, 'Bad accounts of his success in business; this fiddling nonsense shall be stopped once for all.'

Elsa was not altogether surprised, for Rudolf's predilection for music had already caused a little dissension, and she knew it was a dangerous subject between grandfather and grandson, chiefly on account of the mother, whose memory was passionately revered on the one hand, scorned and contemned on the other. Anxious thoughts, therefore, marred her delight in greeting her beloved brother again when he arrived in a few days at Castle Höhenfels; she also thought him grown a shade thinner and paler than of yore. Rudolf was now a tall, slender young man, with long



hair tied behind in the prevailing fashion, and a face of singular earnestness lit by large dark eyes. It was impossible to look at him without seeing that he was delicate, yet there was no trace of effeminacy or affectation in his appearance.

The brother and sister were on their way to Salzburg, down the same path that Gottfried and the pony painfully ascended many years ago, when the subject first recurred between them, and the little sister was dismayed at the vehemence with which Rudolf spoke of his hatred to his present life.

'I detest it more and more,' he declared. 'And never, never shall I be a man of business. I will try it a little longer. But I really cannot endure it.'

'What do you wish to be, then?' inquired Elsa.

'Can you ask me? I should like to give up all my time to music. When I am sitting at my desk over the ledgers, notes dance in between my eyes and the figures; my brain is busy with some melody, and I would give anything to rush home and work it out, instead of forcing myself back to the barren page before me. No wonder they call me absent and pre-occupied. I strive hard enough; but I can't force myself to be satisfied with a desk and stool all day. It is maddening!'

'Yet grandfather wishes it.'

'*Why* does he wish it, Elsa? Were it to get bread for you, I might submit to it, but it is only his will, unreasonable and cruel. There is no necessity. He was a successful merchant, and wants me to be one. Well, then, it is impossible.'

Elsa heaved a sigh.

'You know,' continued her brother, 'that I have



many things in manuscript, some of which Herr Mozart said were good. I could be independent, for I could publish them and live on the proceeds while I wrote more !'

The young composer's eyes shone with ardent anticipation, as if he already heard his works performed, and saw himself on the way to becoming a high priest of his beloved art.

'Have you consulted Wolfgang?'

'Not yet. Wolfgang's own success is so wonderful that I hardly think he could enter into my case.'

'And yet how unspoiled he is !' cried Elsa. 'Think of his having been petted by kings, emperors, empresses ; fêted in half the courts of Europe, and yet he is still the same dear, generous, simple-hearted lad !'

'I hear he has been appointed *Concertmeister* by the archbishop, though he is only thirteen !' said Rudolf.

As they talked they entered the romantic city of Salzburg. A picturesque, peaceful, remote town ; guarded by Alpine giants, with richly wooded hills on the one hand, stern precipices on the other, a rock, crowned by an ancient castle in the midst, and a swift-flowing river dividing the quaint streets. The brother and sister made their way to the cathedral, a vast edifice in the florid Italian style, and entered the solemn silence of the interior. Only a stray person here and there was kneeling against a chair, or seated quietly.

There were in all six organs in the Salzburg Cathedral : a large one by the entrance, four side



organs in front of the choir, and a little choir organ below the choristers' seats.

Rudolf and Elsa took up their position not far from the side-organ nearest to the altar on the right. They were evidently waiting for some one, and before long a glance from Elsa's eyes said, 'He has come.' Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was about to rehearse the organ part of the second Mass he ever wrote,—that in C major—composed for the occasion of the first celebration of mass by a friend of his, Dominicus Hagenauer, whose entrance into a monastery the affectionate boy had lamented three years earlier.

The waves of solemn music rolled through the vast interior, bearing away upon them the soul of the listener. Beseeching melancholy, intense passion, breathed through the whole instrument, as though the cry for mercy, '*Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison! Kyrie eleison!*' found expression without words.

Then 'Gloria in excelsis' sang the organ, and the pure and noble melody that was Mozart's peculiar gift soared through the lofty arches. An adagio followed, in broad grave tones. Then came movement after movement, in which, though the words were absent, Rudolf could discern the meaning that was to be conveyed. Already the young *maestro*, boy as he was, could depict successive phases of religious emotion; and though this composition was not, of course, on a level with the church music of his later years, it was yet beautiful with a beauty all its own. And his power of handling the organ—that was masterly and marvellous. His two listeners owned the spell in awestruck delight. Rudolf especially was absorbed in a mute rapture. Unutterable



thoughts surged into the young man's mind ; his heart was full.

The music ceased.

'And I too am a musician,' Rudolf was murmuring to himself with clasped hands. He did not heed his sister's gentle touch upon his arm, until at last she whispered,—

'Come, dear, we shall be late.'

He started, and went out with her. The streets were lively with good-humoured citizens passing to and fro ; shops were open, the usual cheerful hum of daily life was going on, but Rudolf seemed to walk as one in a trance. His sister feared to break the spell, until he suddenly exclaimed,—

'Mark me, Elsa ! Wolfgang's fame will grow and grow ; he has a glorious future before him.'

'He does play very wonderfully,' said Elsa.

'He is giving his whole life to that which he loves and can do. Elsa, I must do the same ! I cannot be satisfied with the wretched scraps of time I have now ; and even those are begrudged me. I will tell my grandfather I *cannot* do what he wishes. I must choose between being a merchant and a musician. Well, then, I choose the latter !'

'Don't offend him if you can help it, dear brother.'

'Like a woman, Elsa ! timid and over-prudent. Nay, do not look sad, my darling,' said Rudolf repentantly, pressing the little hand upon his arm. 'But nothing great, Elsa, can be produced in broken hours scraped together from one's regular employment. Am I then to let the power within me lie dormant ? I cannot ! I cannot !'



'Yet for grandfather's sake try to content him. He is an old man, Rudolf.'

'Well,' said the brother after a pause, 'I will try again. I feel as if it were impossible; but I will go back to the desk and stool, and something may clear my path before me.'

When Rudolf and Elsa arrived late that evening at Castle Höhenfels, they were received by Aunt Lucinda with an anxious look upon her usually serene countenance. She was still her father's house-keeper, and had declined one or two offers of marriage within the last few years—years that had only left their trace upon her in a little matronliness of appearance.

'Where have you been so long? Father is angry.'

'What for?' inquired Rudolf; but his grandfather strode into the hall to speak for himself. Herr von Eberstein had been out shooting all day, and bore the stains of wood and forest on his garments. An ominous look was on his coarse red face.

'Heyday, Rudolf, what is this? Afraid to handle a gun, like a girl, eh, that you slink away from a day's sport?'

'No, sir,' replied his grandson, 'I am not afraid to handle a gun.'

'That's not true,' retorted Von Eberstein, who, like many ignorant, coarse-minded men, showed his defects more when he was angry than at any other time. 'You stole away because you daren't touch firearms, like Miss Elsa here.'

'I went away because I wanted to hear Wolfgang Mozart play on the organ in Salzburg Cathedral.'

The fury of Von Eberstein, kindled already by his



grandson's absence, flamed forth at this reply. It was an old grievance that Rudolf cared nothing for sport, though his distaste to the amusement of killing animals had not its root, as the elder man supposed, in cowardice. He could not bear to see the piteous look in the dying eyes of soft furry woodland creatures, nor to mark the wounded bird flutter, struggling and suffering, to his feet.

'You have been down after that wretched popish fiddler, have you?' the grandfather cried, clenching his fist. 'Now, mark me, Rudolf. I will have no more of this. I hear from Wolff Brothers that you are not worth your salt. You are no hand at a bargain, and take no interest in commerce. What's the reason, hey? Why, because you are always hankering after your musical trash, which I was silly enough not to put a stop to years ago. You shall stop it now, though, once and for all. Why, you can't attend either to business or pleasure for the sake of it,' vociferated the old man, almost choking with passion. 'Any other young fellow would have been off with his gun to-day, but you must needs slink down to Salzburg on the sly. Do you hear me, sir? you shall give it up—or——'

Rudolf was very pale, a strange contrast to his flushed and exasperated grandfather.

'I did not go to Salzburg on the sly,' he said, trying to control his voice, 'nor did I know you wanted me to come out shooting with you.'

'That's not the point!' cried Herr von Eberstein. 'You shall give up this music of yours. Hand over that fiddle to me—it'll make excellent firewood, I don't doubt; destroy those scribblings I see lying



about your room, and I'll believe you're in earnest in your business. Then we'll make a man of you yet.'

Through this brutal speech pierced the contempt that coarsely-built men often feel for those slight in frame, delicate in organization. There was something to Herr von Eberstein's imagination effeminate in Rudolf's build, and in his dislike of rough, open-air sports accompanied by cruelty. But the artist organization is often, though delicate in poise, strong as fine steel in will and purpose; deficient in the qualities of noise and obstinacy, it frequently possesses firmness and courage that ruder natures lack. Therefore the Herr was amazed when his usually pliant grandson raised his head and replied, 'I shall certainly not destroy my violin nor my manuscripts; and as for giving up music, I would rather give up my daily bread.'

Elsa trembled, but clung to her brother's arm. Lucinda would have tried to check her father, but years had not improved the old man's character, and the fault that had estranged him from his only son was fatally strong within him. He was determined that this boy, at least, should prove subservient. Conrad had acted for himself; Rudolf should be moulded by his grandfather, and the name of Von Eberstein should again be known as that of a prosperous and successful merchant. Now the past seemed about to repeat itself, and the grandson was in a fair way to thwart his aims even as the son had done. Then came the thought of Conrad's hated marriage. This, forsooth, planted the seeds of disobedience! this brought the love of music into the bourgeois family! As he thought on these things, a



torrent of abuse rushed from Von Eberstein's lips. Music was stigmatised as the idlest, most dissipated occupation a lazy fellow could waste his time in! Rudolf was taunted with lack of manhood, of every quality that commands respect. And last and worst, his mother was reviled as the cause of all.

'If your father had not married a wretched strolling singer, in spite of my commands,' he thundered, 'I might have lived to be proud of you yet; but what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh! I was a fool ever to take under my roof the children of such a woman! I might have known your mother's vagabond ways would crop out in you.'

'That will do, sir!' said Rudolf, white to the lips, stepping forward. 'You have spoken disrespectfully of my mother, a lady whom you never saw, and were not worthy to call your daughter. I will leave your roof, and trouble you no more with myself and my music.'

Herr von Eberstein stood aghast, but before he could speak Rudolf had vanished. Returning almost immediately with his violin case and a bundle of manuscripts, the youth kissed his weeping aunt and sister.

'Be good enough, sir, to send what else I have down to Paul Engelhardt's lodgings in Salzburg,' he said to his grandfather, who was staring in impotent wrath. 'I shall not return here. I have seen ever since I went into business that I could not satisfy you; but I did try, and I would have tried further if you had not insulted my mother's memory. Now there is nothing for me but to try to make my own way.'



‘You arrant idiot, do as you please ; and when you want a crust of bread, as you soon will do, come back again and earn it by doing as you are told!’ retorted Von Eberstein furiously, retiring into a room and banging the door behind him.

‘Oh, Rudolf, let me come!’ cried Elsa ; ‘I cannot lose you.’

But Lucinda restrained her. ‘You cannot go to Paul Engelhardt, you know, dear child ; be calm—it will come right again.’

Brother and sister clung together in a desperate embrace, then Rudolf wrenched himself away, and with his precious possessions went forth from the castle gates.





## CHAPTER IX.

### ELSA'S FLIGHT.

**I**N the castle garden, on the morning after Rudolf's departure, wandered Elsa, bitterly weeping. She knew not what the result would be of the quarrel between the lad and his grandfather; but she dimly presaged a long and serious breach. For years all the current of Rudolf's being had set steadily in one direction. He had contrived to study enough of



general subjects to satisfy Von Eberstein, but the genius that was in him could not be repressed. Paul Engelhardt had taught him counterpoint, and when the lessons of Herr Mozart were interrupted by the travels of the Court Composer with his gifted son, Rudolf was already in a fair way to become an accomplished executant. In Salzburg there were many opportunities of hearing good music; whenever Leopold Mozart was at home he would encourage and stimulate his *protégé*; the friendship with little Wolfgang had never died out; and the result of these eight years had been to give Rudolf a cunning hand that wooed the charm from tremulous clavier or thrilling violin, a heart to throb in unison with the music, and a brain to evolve new melodies, original and sweet. Now he was roughly bidden to burn his Straduarius and manuscript, and to 'give up' that which was interwoven with every fibre of his being. How could it be?

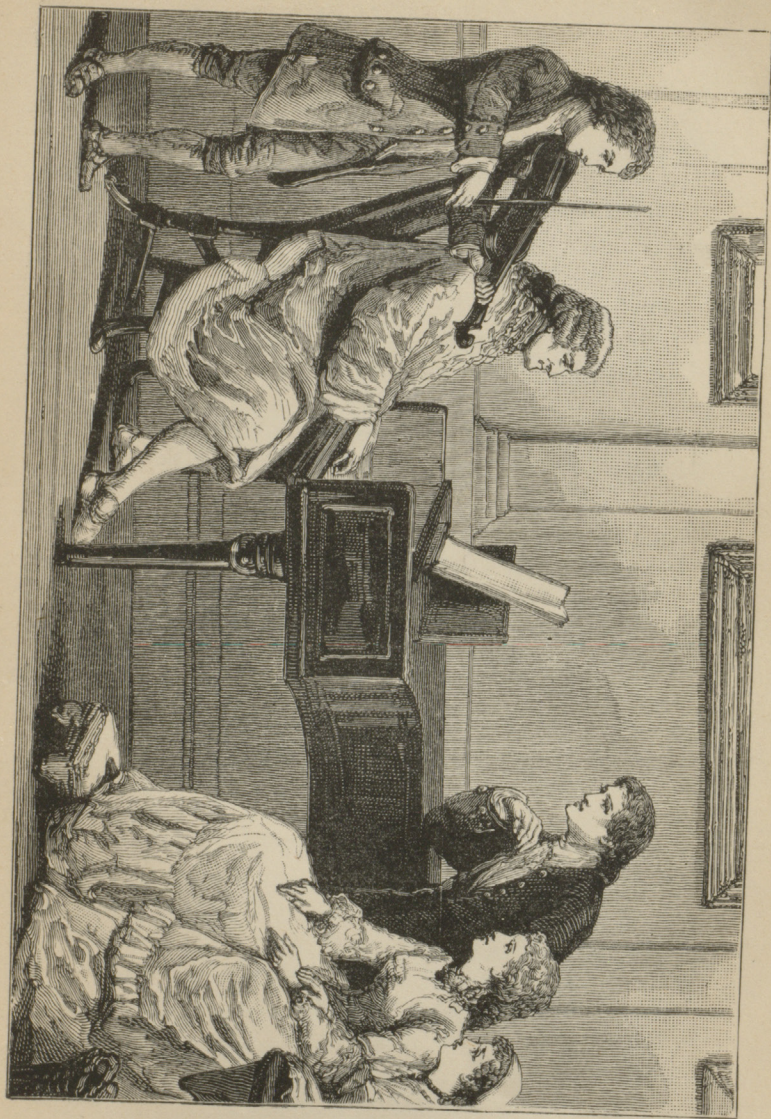
'Do not fret, dear Elsa,' said the kind and anxious Lucinda, coming suddenly upon her solitude. 'All will be well in time.'

'Never,' said Elsa, through her tears. 'Rudolf cannot give up music, auntie. If grandfather demands that, he will never come back.'

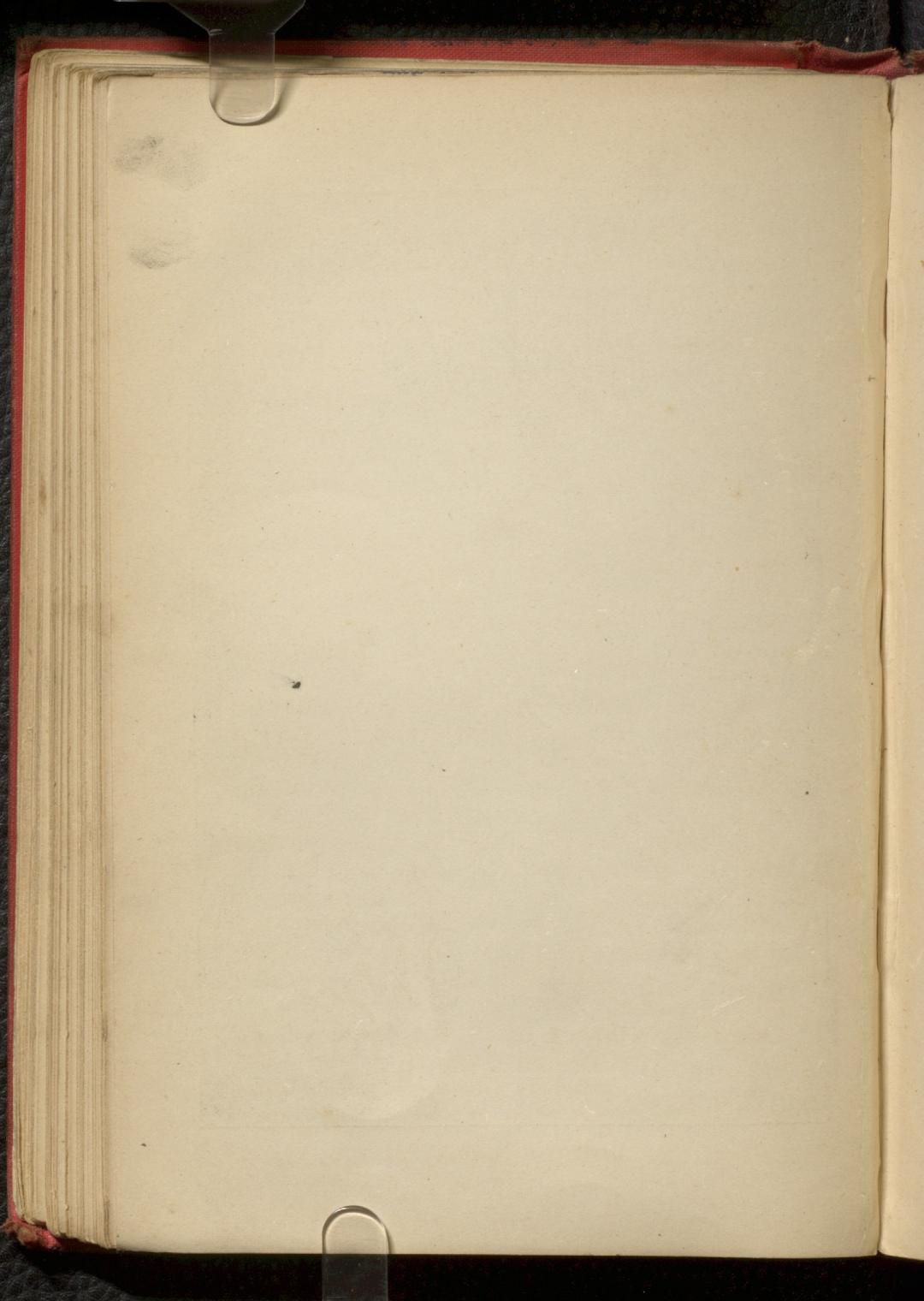
'Here is Herr Engelhardt. He has brought news of him,' cried Lucinda, in joyful relief.

When Paul caught sight of the weeping Elsa, he stopped for a moment, and a close observer would have seen a look of distress come into his kind and sensitive face. He was now more than thirty years of age, and had definitely entered upon a life of literary work, in which he was already achieving some











success. Several short biographies he had written of eminent men in the world of art were received with favour, and he had edited and annotated various Greek plays. By dint of teaching and writing he contrived to support himself in a bachelor existence in his former lodgings at Salzburg.

'I have come from Rudolf,' he said at length, approaching the aunt and niece. 'I fear you are in trouble about him.'

'My father is very much offended,' returned Lucinda.

'May I speak with Herr von Eberstein?' inquired Paul. 'As Rudolf's tutor for many years, perhaps he will hear me.'

'I don't think he will hear reason from anybody,' said Lucinda; 'but you will find him within, Herr Engelhardt.'

Paul's eyes rested pitifully on Elsa for a moment; then he went into the house. Lucinda's unspoken thought followed him.

'Herr Engelhardt is fond of our Elsa. I can see it, though I do not think she does, yet. Here is another terrible complication; for, though he is a good man and true, my father would be furious did he suspect such a thing. It will never, never do. What will become of us all, with these poor, dear children and their affairs? Conrad's story over again!' And the gentle-hearted Lucinda sighed with unwonted bitterness.

Meanwhile Von Eberstein was raging with obstinate and stupid anger within the castle. Paul had come to make an earnest effort to gain the old man's permission for Rudolf to devote himself to the study



of music. Money, he knew, was not lacking; the youth had talent that even Herr Mozart pronounced unusual. Why should he not, under any restrictions Herr von Eberstein liked to impose, be permitted to follow his bent? This he pleaded long and earnestly, undaunted by scorn and insult.

'Sir, consider,' said he at length. 'You would be proud if you had a grandson who bade fair to be a great painter or sculptor. Why, then, do you rank music—the mightiest of the arts—on so degraded a level?'

But Paul was before his time in speaking thus. Germany was awakening, it is true, to the fit recognition of music, but only awakening from a long lethargy, and his hearer regarded the words as an idle tale.

'Music, forsooth! As well call dancing the "mightiest of the arts." No! Let the boy give up this trifling, go back to business, and work hard, as a man ought to do; for he is a man now, and these childish vagaries are disgraceful. Let him bring me his violin and manuscripts, and I'll forgive him—but not till then. Man!' cried Von Eberstein, clenching his fist, 'don't you know it was a professor of *music* that stole my son away long ago? Little did I think it would crop up again in his boy! But I'll not be thwarted; no, I'll not be thwarted this time! And let Master Rudolf beware!'

Nothing more than this could be obtained from the obdurate old man, and Paul Engelhardt sadly withdrew. He was stopped in the garden by Elsa.

'It is of no avail,' he said, in answer to her appealing glance.



'What will Rudolf do?'

'He is bent upon going to Vienna.'

'Then,' said Elsa, speaking quickly, 'give him my love, and say I will go with him. He must not be left alone. I will take care of him, manage for him, and somehow I will earn enough not to be a burden. He is all I have in the world.'

'Have you considered what you will lose by leaving your grandfather's roof?'

'I have considered everything. I could not live away from Rudolf, unless, indeed, he wished it. Tell him so, please, from me, and give him this.'

The girl pushed a tiny purse into Paul Engelhardt's hand. He looked at her as though he would have spoken, but seemed to repress the words that were burning for utterance, and briefly bade her farewell.

The week that followed was terrible to Elsa, for Herr von Eberstein discovered her plan of joining Rudolf, and promptly took measures for its prevention. It was an age of severity.

'Lock her in her room,' he ordered. 'I will have no young girls under my care roaming about the country at large. In a little while she will have forgotten her fancy, and the silly lad will come back penitent. He will be all the more likely to do so if his sister is here.'

And as Lucinda hesitated to carry out the stern decree, Herr von Eberstein himself turned the key in the lock of Elsa's chamber, and gave instructions to the servants that only one of their number, a disagreeable person, on whose fidelity to himself he could depend, was to carry her food at stated intervals. Nurse Bettina was no longer living, or the kind old



woman would have made it a difficult task for any of the household to act such a part without relenting.

The room was a large and airy one on the story above the ground floor, and here Elsa paced to and fro, looking constantly down the valley, where the autumn mists fleeted at morning and evening, towards the plain where Salzburg stood, and whither she fain would go. To be a prisoner! It roused all the independence of the girl of nineteen in passionate revolt. The grandfather's stern treatment seemed all the more intolerable because of the indulgence he had usually shown to herself and her brother. She did not reflect that this was the first occasion on which his will had been seriously crossed, and her heart swelled with pity for Rudolf, indignation on her own account and his, until it seemed wellnigh bursting.

What could she do? The days went on, and there came no sign. Rudolf would not know why she did not write or send to him. It was terrible.

'Oh, have pity on me, Elspeth!' she entreated the servant who brought her food. 'Send a letter down to my brother at Salzburg, for mercy's sake!'

'I dare not. The master would turn me away,' was all the woman would reply.

Sometimes Lucinda came to the door, and conversed through the chink with her imprisoned niece; but Von Eberstein was acting the part of domestic gaoler with energy, and would not allow his daughter to enter the room, fearing her softness of heart.

One night when the girl was wellnigh desperate, there came a long, low whistle from without. She flew to the window, and saw standing below the figure of a man. In the moonlight she recognised him as a



peasant who now lived near Salzburg—the deserter, Henrich Stern, once so great a source of terror to Rudolf in the ‘haunted room.’

The man was devoted to Paul Engelhardt, and had doubtless come from her brother. As she looked fearfully over the sill, he put his curled hands to his mouth, and murmured hoarsely, yet distinctly :—

‘Open the window wide, and stand out of the way, fräulein.’

She obeyed, and a missive, with a pebble inside flew into the room.

Picking it from the floor, she hastened to thank the messenger. He had vanished.

The embers on her hearth were yet aglow ; she lit her candle, and, breaking the seal, she read as follows :—

‘Beloved Sister,—I have tried all means of reaching thee in a straightforward manner, but in vain. I am going to Vienna. My grandfather will not relent, and his words concerning our mother must estrange me from his roof. I must e’en try my fortune, and the compositions I have by me will support me for the present, while I busy myself in fresh work. Fain would I have seen thee again ; but if thou hast any message, drop it out of the window, with this pebble enclosed, before daybreak. Thou shalt hear of thy brother again one day—famous and successful. Farewell, farewell !’

‘I must see him again—I *must* ! Our mother left him in my charge,’ was Elsa’s desperate thought.

Snatching a piece of paper, she hastily wrote :—

‘I am locked into my chamber. Wait a little longer in Salzburg, till you hear further.’



With the pebble enclosed, she dropped this from the window. Instantly a form stole from the shadow of the trees below the terrace, picked up the letter, and sped away. It was the work of a few moments. Poor Stern had learnt by his past experience to be swift, dexterous, noiseless, and alert.

Then Elsa was left to reflect on her rash promise. What had she done? Surely escape was impossible. Yet it had seemed borne in upon her that she could not let Rudolf go without an attempt to meet him, and ascertain from his own lips whether she should be his companion in the wanderings to which the foolish children looked forward so confidently.

Elsa's eye fell upon the ivy that, strong with the growth of uncounted years, climbed up the castle wall, and framed her window in a leafy setting. A recent storm had loosened its hold here and there, and the giant arms clung with varying tightness of embrace to the stone. Surely there were places where a foot might be set, and the clumps that projected might offer something for the hands to hold! Yes; here was a ladder ready to her use, and Elsa's active brain thought out the plan. She would prepare a bundle of necessary clothing, with the few trinkets she inherited from her mother, throw this out first, then, by the help of an impromptu balustrade, formed of a sheet knotted in strips, and securely attached to a heavy bedpost within the room, she would descend the ivy stair at dusk on the following evening, and trust to reaching Salzburg in safety.

It was a rash, impetuous proceeding; but Elsa's whole being was possessed by one thought. She must see Rudolf again. Separation from him, her one



companion, her mother's sacred charge, with never a word to break the silence, and with the long distance between Salzburg and Vienna (not then spanned by railroad, as it is now) to divide them, she could not endure. Therefore she must escape.

The intervening hours passed with lagging steps away, and when twilight came on the following evening, Elsa threw out her little bundle and began the descent.

With the help of the knotted sheet it was easier than she had feared. In the great rambling castle no one was near, nor were any eyes peering out into the gathering darkness to note the strange figure clinging and scrambling downwards, and scaring the birds from the ivy.

Her feet touched the ground; she was free. Catching up her bundle, she darted swiftly away into the forest below the castle, and was gone, the white rope by which she had descended waving idly in the night air.



## CHAPTER X.

### THE NEW HOME.

**I**N the house by the rushing Salza, Nannerl Mozart was peacefully slumbering when strange dreams began to confuse her brain. She thought she was playing on the clavier, while one Herr von Mölk, an ardent admirer of hers who found no favour, sat open-mouthed, as he was in reality wont to do, in the corner ; then he began to drum upon the window to the rhythm of the Bach's Prelude she was performing. 'How uncouth and rude of him ! Just like his clumsy ways,' she thought ; but the tapping grew louder, and suddenly Herr von Mölk and the clavier vanished with the slumber that was put to flight.

'There is really a stone flung up at my window ! Well, I will see what is happening before I disturb father or Wolfgang,' thought Nannerl ; and peeping forth, she beheld in the moonlight a figure that she recognised as Elsa von Eberstein.

To descend softly, unbar the door, and hurry the fugitive into her own chamber, was the work of a few moments for the kind-hearted girl.

'Elsa ! how wild and distracted you look ! and your clothes are torn and soiled. Oh, what can be the matter ?'

'I have run away from grandfather,' faintly responded Elsa. 'I climbed down by the ivy.'



'By the ivy! And you have come all alone through the forest in the night? How could you?'

Elsa nodded; she was evidently exhausted, and only the words 'For Rudolf' escaped her.

'Well, I love Wolfgang dearly,' soliloquised Nannerl, 'but I doubt if I could do so much for his sake. However, creep into my bed at once, and I will ask you no more questions till the morning.'

Elsa was only too thankful to rest after her adventure, but her kind-hearted friend lay long awake, pondering many things, while the weary wanderer's regular breathing showed she was fast asleep.

On the next day Rudolf was summoned from Paul Engelhardt's lodging in the neighbourhood. His amazement at seeing his sister was great, and he found the seniors of the Mozart household wearing very grave faces. Herr Leopold Mozart, musician though he might be, was an extremely prudent man, and this escapade was little to his taste. He knew that two young people of eighteen and nineteen were not fit to face the world without resources and his opinion was decidedly expressed, that if Rudolf were determined to try his fortunes in music, he should go to Vienna alone. Wolfgang and Nannerl, on the contrary, applauded and sympathised with Elsa's bold feat. Frau Mozart, handsome, good-tempered, motherly, left admonition to her husband, but soothed and caressed the girl with tender benevolence.

Leopold Mozart was just debating within himself whether he were not in duty bound to send for Herr von Eberstein, when a messenger arrived from Castle Höhenfels, bringing a chest containing the remainder



of Elsa's wardrobe and a letter from her grandfather, evidently written under great excitement.

'You have chosen to run away from my roof, imperilling your life, and showing the basest ingratitude,' ran the epistle. 'You must now go your own course. I will consent to receive you again on one condition—that you express penitence and give up, at once and for ever, all communications with your scoundrelly brother, who has no doubt tempted you to this undutiful step. Unless you do this, you and he shall henceforth be as strangers to me. Never hope to see a groschen of my money,' and so on. The servant brought also a few blotted lines from poor Aunt Lucinda, and a purse containing a hundred florins, sent without her father's knowledge.

'Return at once,' counselled Leopold Mozart to the troubled Elsa. 'Let this brother of yours try his fortune awhile. He is not penniless; he may succeed—who knows?—for he has talent. But your grandfather's house is the place for you. He expects you will go back.'

This was true, but neither Von Eberstein nor Mozart understood that it was impossible for Elsa to comply with such a suggestion. Had Rudolf not wanted her, she would, with a breaking heart, have returned to her prison-home. But she saw in his face the delight at the prospect of her companionship, that he would, for her sake, have feared to express. For-sake him, her delicate artist brother? Never!

She wrote a humble and conciliatory letter to her grandfather, telling him she was not ungrateful for all his past care, but pleading with him that Rudolf, who had been left to her charge by their mother, was the



one companion she could not forsake, even for him. The letter was touching and submissive, and cost its writer many tears, for the mood of indignant rebellion brought on by imprisonment had given way to gentler feelings. Elsa might as well have spared her pains, for on receiving the letter Von Eberstein tore it in pieces, flung them into the ashes, and forbade Lucinda ever to mention either of the young people again in his hearing.

So now the two poor children had all the world before them !

The Mozarts pressed them hospitably to remain till their way became plainer ; and for two or three weeks they were thankful to accept the invitation.

'Stay with us as long as you can,' pleaded Nannerl. 'I have no friend here like you, Elsa.'

Elsa could not help enjoying the life in the cheery Mozart household, enlivened as it was by the bright affection that prevailed between parents and children, the frequent visits of court musicians, and above all by the presence of the radiant boy Wolfgang Amadeus, whose rising fame left him as ingenuous, simple, and affectionate as ever.

Nannerl poured forth into her friend's ear various confidences about the poor Herr von Mölk, who used to come and sit in dumb admiration to hear her play on the clavier, but who, by reason of his stupidity, found little favour with the sprightly object of his affections. Fräulein von Mölk, on the other hand, was secretly adored by Wolfgang, and numerous were the merry allusions between the Mozart brother and sister to these premature attachments ! Other friends there were in plenty, and visiting for the purposes of



music, masquerades, and card-playing was constant. There was one game of quoits in great favour with Salzburg society, in which it was a point of honour for each player to furnish a quoit painted by his own hand. The foibles and personal peculiarities of the others, with sarcastic inscriptions, formed the favourite subject for this very primitive style of art.

All this was well enough for relaxation, but Rudolf longed for a different atmosphere. Elsa's delicate beauty and quiet grace of manner caused the good folk who shared in these boisterous amusements to feel a little constrained in her presence; she was not of their sphere. Even the Mozarts often scoffed at Salzburg society, and it would have been intolerable to the ardent Von Eberstein for long. Fortunately an opportunity soon presented itself for departure.

'Engelhardt has at last found Stern the situation for which he has long been wishing,' said Rudolf, coming hastily to Elsa one day. 'He is to be wood-ranger to the Count Rosenkrantz, at the village of Perlensee, not very far from Vienna. They remove thither in a few days. We can share their conveyance, and thus get to Vienna with but little cost, if you do not mind the rough mode of travelling, Elsa.'

No! Elsa minded nothing that Rudolf could put up with; and the arrangements were soon completed. With the kindest farewells and expressions of regret from the Mozart family, the brother and sister departed in the travelling wagon of their peasant friends.

'Now I am indeed on the high road to fame and happiness!' thought Rudolf, as the wheels laboured



along the ruts. But an unspoken thought was in Elsa's breast.

'I wonder, I *wonder* why Herr Engelhardt has not been to see me, and did not even come to say good-bye!'

Through the kind offices of the Mozarts, who knew Vienna well, Rudolf and Elsa easily secured a suitable and inexpensive lodging in the capital. Gottfried Werner was far away, otherwise they would have sought shelter with him. But they found comfortable, though plain, accommodation in three tiny rooms above a baker's shop, and the good woman of the house promised to help Elsa in preparing the one substantial meal daily that was to stand them in stead of dinner from a restaurant. The waxing and rubbing of the polished floors, and all the little household tasks, were ardently undertaken by the young housewife, who looked round the bare little *appartement* with as much joy and pride as if it had been a veritable palace.

What a change it all was from the remote Salzburg valley and Castle Höhenfels! Memories of her childhood in Vienna rushed into Elsa's mind, and sometimes the intervening space seemed like a dream. Her sweet-voiced, graceful mother, the happy home, the evenings of music into which she and little Rudolf were but permitted a brief glimpse, her tall, soldierly father; all, in the kaleidoscope of memory, blended in shifting hues of visionary charm.

Fortunately their lodgings were not far from the Prater, a beautiful and romantic park in the city, encircled by the Danube; and here the brother and sister wandered in all the strangeness of new-born in-



dependence, a day or two after their arrival. The consideration of 'ways and means' was not at all to Rudolf's taste, but he knew that money must be found, and he determined to face the question of finance valiantly at once, for the comfort of his little sister.

'Do not be afraid, Elsa,' he was saying, as they paced along the walk. 'You think the sum for the hire of a clavier is high, but I must have a good one. It is false economy to have a poor instrument, and we shall easily be able to pay for it, for I propose at once to begin to earn money.'

'What shall you do, Rudolf, dear?' asked Elsa, with trustful simplicity, believing with her whole heart in the glorious future before this gifted brother.

'There is nothing like facing things boldly, and I intend without delay to obtain an audience of the empress for both of us.'

'Oh, Rudolf!' ejaculated Elsa, mentally reviewing her wardrobe in terror at the thought of the august Maria Theresa.

'Yes,' said Rudolf firmly, gazing before him with wide, lustrous eyes. 'She liked our mother always; she was kind to us as children; she will be kind to us now, and I feel assured of her protection. I shall then be asked to play at court, and when that is done my fortune is assured. My compositions I shall take to the chief music publisher in Vienna; beginning, perhaps, with that Sonata in A sharp, for violin and clavier. No doubt he will pay me well, and then my time will be divided between composing—which I shall do in the daytime—and playing at great houses at night, for which I shall also be well paid.'



If any one asks me for lessons, I shall give them, provided,' said Rudolf, with emphasis, 'that my pupils have talent. I cannot teach people who are stupid and lazy. I shall ask a good fee, that I may not have too much teaching; for after all it interrupts composition. Thus, my Elsa, you see that my time will be fully occupied. We have come to the land of music, where talent is appreciated. Never fear, my little sister, we shall soon make our way—and *then*—I will send for Aunt Lucinda to come and stay with us, and grandfather will adopt a very different tone when he sees my position. I will make him take back his words about my mother, though.'

A severe fit of coughing interrupted Rudolf in this impassioned speech.

'The air grows chilly,' cried his sister anxiously. 'We must not forget it is November. See how dark it is getting! Pray go home, dear, and let me follow when I have made my purchases. We have lingered too long, I fear.'

Rudolf resisted the proposal to leave his pretty sister alone, but seeing her distress and anxiety, he consented to turn back, while she hurriedly went on through the Prater to seek the part of the city in which the shops were that she wished to visit.

'Whither so fast?' said a well-known voice at her side.

She started, and recognised Paul Engelhardt.



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE PRESENCE OF MAJESTY.

‘OH, Herr Engelhardt, how glad I am to see you!’ Elsa cried impulsively, putting forth both her hands. To appreciate the greeting of a friendly face, one should be alone in a crowd, as the girl felt at this moment among the good folk of Vienna, who streamed cheerfully along the Prater.

‘And I am glad to meet you just now, for you should not be roaming alone about Vienna at this time,’ said Engelhardt, with a touch of the gentle authority he had retained since the relation of teacher and pupil ceased between them. As he spoke he drew her hand within his arm.

‘Rudolf did not want to leave me, but I sent him home because his cough was troublesome.’ Elsa would not allow any imputation, however slight, upon her beloved brother. ‘Where do you come from, Herr Engelhardt?’

‘I am living in Vienna now, not very far from you.’

Elsa gazed in blank amazement.

‘May not others leave Salzburg for Vienna besides yourselves?’ said Paul, smiling. ‘It is a very usual thing to do. My chief work at Salzburg was writing, and that I can do here, even better, as my publisher lives in Vienna. And I have hope of work in connection with one of the public journals.’



'I wondered you did not come to bid us farewell at Salzburg,' said Elsa naïvely.

'I knew I should see you at Vienna.'

Paul stopped short, as though he had checked himself on the point of saying something further, but Elsa was too eager to pour forth her confidence to notice it, and she began at once to tell him about her escape, her hopes for Rudolf, and their projected future. It was too dark for her to see the look of tender compassion her friend bent upon the slight figure at his side. When at length she ceased, he did not reply at once, then said, with a great gentleness in his tone,—

'I want to tell you something, Elsa, that I shrank from telling you when you were at Castle Höhenfels, or within the reach of gossiping tongues at Salzburg; but now perhaps you may be comforted—if—if—sorrow or trouble comes—to know that there is some one who loves you with his whole soul. For I want you to give me the right to cherish my pupil always—protect her—and care for her—to make her my wife.'

'Oh, no—no! Pray do not say that!' cried Elsa, in distress and bewilderment, shrinking a little away from him. 'It spoils it all. I hoped you would be my friend and Rudolf's. I cannot leave him. I shall never marry so long as he wants me.'

'You should not be asked to leave him. Do not I care for him too?'

'You are very kind, but it would not be the same thing at all,' declared Elsa, feeling that to entertain any such ideas would be utterly treasonable to her new-found duty and delight of being 'her brother's keeper.' 'Please do not talk of it.'



'Tell me if there is any one else ; if there is not, I will wait for a little while,' said Paul, trying to master his disappointment. He had expected that Elsa would be taken by surprise ; and yet he was distressed at her reception of his offer.

'Of course there is no one else. I am only going to think of Rudolf,' she replied.

Then, warned by her companion's silence that it was no light matter, she pleadingly continued : 'Herr Engelhardt, I ought to thank you. Do not think I am ungrateful. But, indeed, Rudolf wants me all to himself. Our mother died of consumption—and *he* is delicate ; and now grandfather has cast us off, I must give myself entirely to caring for him, or he may fall ill too. Rudolf does not understand money, or managing ways, and indeed I cannot think of anything just now but of my duty to him.'

'One day you will find that other things must also be thought of,' said Paul ; 'but, my child, I will say no more. I have taken you by surprise. Try to forget it, and to treat me in the same way as usual. I have waited long, and I can wait longer.'

'You cannot have waited very long, because I am only nineteen,' Elsa sagely remarked ; and at her tone Engelhardt was conscious of new hope. 'I do not want to think about marriage, but I am not ungrateful to you, though it may seem as if I were.'

'I shall ask you to think of it at some future time, but at present we will say no more about it,' observed Paul quietly. 'Here we are at the *Handlung* you sought.'

Elsa had but little sleep that night, as she revolved again and again the occurrences of the evening. Paul



Engelhardt! he was so old—a great deal more than thirty—so familiar a figure as tutor of her childhood, friend of her girlhood, that the character of lover seemed altogether anomalous. When such a personage presented itself to the girl's simple imagination, he assumed the form of some young, brilliant, etherealised knight of romance, not in the least like any one she had ever seen. But she had chased away even that vision of late, for Rudolf's sake, and now here was a strange combination of circumstances! She had never thought of the possibility of doing without Paul Engelhardt in her life, and it had been strangely delightful to see him again; but he had always figured as the middle-aged friend in the background of her mental prospect. Could it ever be different? Rudolf, at any rate, should know nothing of what had passed between them. So, vainly trying to discover what she really felt and really would decide by-and-by, Elsa tossed upon her pillow.

She had no leisure for much meditation on her personal affairs, for ere long the news came that the coveted audience with Maria Theresa was accorded to herself and her brother on a fixed day. The poor girl had dwelt so long in her remote mountain home, that she felt a strange flutter at the thought of being introduced into the presence of majesty, and most certainly she had no toilette fit for the occasion, nor could she, for Rudolf's sake, lavish a large sum from her scanty store in purchasing a handsome gown. He declared, with man-like indifference, that she 'looked well in anything,' and abandoned himself to boundless hopes founded upon the forthcoming interview.



On the appointed day the brother and sister betook themselves to the palace, where they were conducted through state apartments and long galleries, magnificent but chilly, into a small *salon*. With hearts beating high in expectation they waited for half-an-hour; finally the rustle of draperies was heard, and Her Majesty the Empress Maria Theresa entered alone.

She was the most illustrious woman at the time in Europe, and though she was past her prime, having now reached the age of fifty-two, she was of handsome and commanding presence. Her open countenance wore an expression of resolution and energy, affability mingled with penetrating discernment. Her manners had the ease and grace of one who, by nature as well as position, is a patroness of others. She was heroic and intrepid in character, and well merited the reverence expressed in the cry (traditional or actual) of her Hungarian subjects twenty-eight years before:

*'Moriatur pro rege nostro Maria Theresia!'* (Let us die for our king, Maria Theresa.)

Every inch a queen, she swept, in her black widow-draperies, into the little *salon*, seated herself upon a sofa, and smiled at the brother and sister making low obeisance before her.

The character of Maria Theresa had been prominently before the eyes of Rudolf and Elsa ever since their babyhood. They knew all about the brave, noble-minded queen in her youth, her magnanimity, courage, and Amazonian exploits in the great struggle against Frederick, which had now for six years been concluded by the peace of 1763. Never had they forgotten the one occasion in their childhood when



her majesty sent for them to the palace and gave them into the charge of Gottfried, that they might be duly conveyed to their grandfather. And, foolish young creatures that they were, they forgot the many matters that engross the mind of majesty, and expected the empress would remember them, as they remembered her. Whereas, even the one event of her husband's death (that had taken place four years earlier) would have been enough to banish the Von Eberstein children from present recollection.

'From what country, then, are you?' she inquired graciously.

Rudolf, finding that they were not recognised, suddenly collected himself, and gave a somewhat stammering account of their history to the empress, who was thinking meanwhile,—

'The youth is well-looking, but delicate. The girl, with her slim figure and beautiful eyes, even in her country dress, is unusually lovely. One may do something for such a face as that.'

'You are the children of Ottilie von Eberstein, you say? Ah, yes, I recollect; she was a favourite singer of mine many years ago, and her husband was a colonel in my army. But had I not already provided for you? Surely, unless my memory fails me, I sent you to the care of your relatives, who accepted the charge?'

'Your majesty, yes,' replied Rudolf hastily; and he went on, without much lucidity, to explain their present position. The empress's attention was wandering; she preferred to speak herself rather than to listen, and as Rudolf was attempting to describe the passion for music that had driven him from the ways



of commerce, she cut him short by a sign with her hand.

‘You wish for my protection? Young man, there are many musicians at Vienna; but for the sake of your mother, who was a good and virtuous woman of great talent, I will hear you. A day shall be appointed for you to play before myself and my family. And as for you, my pretty child,’ said the empress, looking with added favour on the drooping form of Elsa standing before her, ‘you share your brother’s fortunes in Vienna? How old are you?’

‘Nineteen, your majesty.’

‘I will not forget you, if it should prove, as I doubt not it will, that you are as good as you are fair.’

Elsa murmured some words of thanks, which Maria Theresa cut short by addressing Rudolf,—

‘Your sister is not already betrothed in marriage? Good. I will make it my concern to provide her with a suitable husband in due time.’

The unfeigned start of dismay that Elsa gave on hearing this gracious promise did not escape the penetrating glance of the empress. With all her good nature, Maria Theresa had the failing inevitable in absolute monarchs. She could not endure the possibility of a subject resisting her will. Strong by nature and by training, she liked to be supreme—a benevolent tyrant, yet a tyrant still! It was, therefore, with the slightest possible tinge of frigidity mingling with her gentleness that she continued,—

‘I doubt not I shall find you both deserving of my interest and protection.’

Rudolf sought for suitable words to clothe his gratitude, but the empress had accorded a long



enough interview to the two young strangers. She rose, and acknowledging their deep reverence by a slight inclination of the head, sailed from the room.

When they found themselves safely outside the palace Elsa drew a deep breath.

'Oh, Rudolf! I thought I should have been stifled!'

'Stifled by what?' inquired Rudolf, in surprise.

'By that terrible little *salon*, and by the overwhelming presence of majesty. Oh! let us keep away from court—let us be free, however poor!'

'Elsa, I am surprised at you!' cried Rudolf, regarding his sister with amazement. 'Her majesty was very gracious. True, she did not recognise us—but how could she? We were silly to suppose she could keep us in her mind for so long! And how we must have changed since we were children. Then I am to play at court! that is the great thing gained.'

The young composer's eyes shone with anticipation. Elsa felt remorseful that she had said anything to chill his hope.

'But I do not want to have a husband found for me, nor to leave you, Rudolf.'

'It will be time enough to think about all that when it comes,' rejoined her brother sagely. 'The empress meant well; it was a mark of distinction, there is no doubt of that; and you must marry, Elsa. I do not want my pretty sister to be an old maid, like Aunt Lucinda.'

Elsa's eyes were full of tears.

'The excitement has been too much for you,' cried her brother tenderly; 'but we shall soon be at home, and then I will send for Paul Engelhardt to tell him all about it.'



‘Do not tell him what her majesty said to me. The words were on the tip of Elsa’s tongue, but she would not utter them. The day’s occurrences might have gone far to enlighten her as to the state of her own feelings ; but she only felt oppressed, and chilled, too, that Rudolf had taken her marriage ‘one of these days’ so entirely as a matter of course. What would he think if he knew how she had put aside Paul Engelhardt’s proposal, and chiefly on his account? Dwelling on these things Elsa that night sobbed herself to sleep.



## CHAPTER XII.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

WITH feverish impatience Rudolf awaited the promised summons to court, which arrived in due time. Elsa was not included, and the youthful musician took his way alone, with his violin and manuscripts, to the palace standing without Vienna, in the parks and gardens of Schönbrunn.

He had dressed himself carefully in a violet velvet suit, silk hose, and buckled shoes, with his long hair brushed back and tied behind in the prevailing fashion. His thoughtful face, from the pallor of which his great eyes shone out with speaking lustre, interested the august circle assembled in the *salon* whither he was introduced. Since the death of her husband, Maria Theresa had given up all musical parties. Her son Joseph was now associated with her in the sovereign rule, being emperor in place of his late father; and it was in his name that the summons had come to Rudolf.

Maria Theresa had been caused by her father, Charles VI., to study music, and she possessed both talent and taste, having, in her youth, been accustomed to sing charmingly. Her late husband, Francis I., had also been musical, and her children inherited their parents' love for the art. The Emperor Joseph sang well, and performed on the harpsichord and



violoncello, while the archduchesses have been said by a contemporary to acquit themselves in music 'very well for princesses!'

It was into the presence of the emperor, the empress, and the archduchesses that Rudolf was now introduced, and the vision of grace and beauty that flashed upon his sight almost took away his breath; for he saw a young girl whose unusual loveliness was enhanced by the brilliant splendour of her costume. Her luxuriant hair fell in curls upon her neck, and was raised artistically above a beautiful forehead. A sparkling expression of vivacity distinguished her from her sisters, and with grace and kindliness she smiled at Rudolf as he entered.

This was the Archduchess Marie Antoinette. She was barely fifteen, yet she was looking forward to her marriage with the Dauphin of France in the May of the coming year—a lofty destiny for which she had been carefully prepared from infancy.

Bright, radiant, and beautiful, in the prime of her girlhood, she was fitted to adorn the throne of any land.

Had Rudolf known that the lovely neck encircled by pearls was one day to rest on the scaffold, his heart would have broken. He was completely dominated and fascinated by this vision of beauty, grace, and dignity. And it was not wonderful that from this hour the young musician became possessed by a hopeless far-off adoration for Marie Antoinette. He never spoke of it to any one. It would have been too wildly preposterous; but he dreamed of her by day and night, and she exercised, all unknowingly, a potent influence over his work. Her power of in-



spiring devotion was, in truth, unusual. Six months later, when she was on her way to be married to the Dauphin of France, she had literally a triumphal procession all the way from Strasburg to Paris. 'Everywhere,' says the historian, 'the peasantry quitted the neighbouring fields, crowding to the roadside to get a glimpse of their destined sovereign. Triumphal arches were erected in all the towns and villages; the streets were strewn with nosegays; rows of maidens, dressed in white, and adorned with garlands, awaited to present her with the choicest flowers of spring. Her youth, her beauty, her benignity, the radiant joy which beamed from her countenance, diffused a universal feeling of enchantment. One country priest near Chalons, who at the head of his flock was waiting to offer her a carefully studied harangue, forgot it all at her radiant appearance, and could only fall on his knees and stammer forth, "Madame, be not surprised at my lack of memory; *Pulchra es et formosa.*"'

And in Paris, when she entered the very hall in the Hôtel de Ville, whence the decrees for the execution of herself and her husband were to be issued in time to come, the old Marshal de Brissac said, showing her from the window the sea of uncovered heads in the Place de Grève, 'Madame, you behold before you two hundred thousand persons in love with you.'

Poor child! but now, all unconscious of her strange destiny, she smiled on the young musician whose violin sang so sweetly beneath his touch. Rudolf played even better upon this instrument than on the clavier, and loved it more dearly. To him the Stradivarius upon his shoulder yielded up all its secret



mysterious sweetness, and the souls of his listeners were thrilled by its sensitive vibrations. He was playing a *rêverie* of his own, that in its dreamy strain, half mournful, half rejoicing, was a fit reflection of the imaginative mood of youth.

'May I ask him if he can improvise, like the little Mozart?' inquired Marie Antoinette's winning voice; and the young musician surpassed himself in delicate and correct improvisation. To her he played; his violin impromptu was all for her. For her he improvised on the clavier placed ready to his hand; his whole being seemed to flow in streams of melody to her feet. No over-numbing nervousness was produced by her presence; it was an inspiration.

The little audience listened approvingly to the young *virtuoso*, and admired his rapt expression of countenance, though they were far indeed from understanding its cause.

He would gladly have played all day, but after an hour he was graciously bidden to desist.

'Can you tell us of your compatriot, Wolfgang Mozart?' inquired the emperor. 'He composed an opera, *La Finta Semplice* in Vienna last year, and produced another, *Bastien and Bastienne* at the amateur theatre of Dr. Messmer. It was a wonderful feat for a lad of twelve.'

Rudolf respectfully answered by describing Wolfgang's present occupation. The emperor talked a while longer of the Mozarts, in whom he evidently took a great interest, especially in *der kleine Hexenmeister* (the little magician), as he termed Wolfgang; and Rudolf listened with appreciation to the praises of his friend.



Then the interview was over, and the royal family vanished from his sight, Marie Antoinette casting a peculiarly winning smile behind her at the youthful performer. He stood as one dazzled ; then a chamberlain entering, presented him with a tiny jewel case, and signified that it was time to depart.

Elsa was watching at the window when she saw Rudolf returning slowly with his violin case. A look of weariness and dejection was on his countenance, instead of the proud and rapturous air with which he set forth. The November afternoon was dark and chill, and the anxious sister noticed that he coughed more than once as he came along. She forbore to worry him with questions, but he answered her eyes as he dropped into a chair.

'Yes, *Schwesterlein*, it has been successful, and I played well, I think ; indeed, I know I did, for I was inspired.'

'And now you are weary. Have you eaten since you left home ?'

Rudolf made a sign in the negative, and Elsa felt indignant that no entertainment had been provided at the court at Schönbrunn for the artist. She hastened to set refreshment before him ; and when he had taken a little he was able to enter into particulars.

The practical question obtruded itself on the sister's mind, 'Did you receive any recompense for playing ? And what will this lead to ?' Elsa was by no means of a money-seeking disposition, and had forced herself of late to be 'practical' and wise in economies, solely for Rudolf's sake. With the daily expenses, and the hire of the clavier, Aunt Lucinda's present



would not last very long, and the question of ways and means was beginning to harass the little sister.

However, the unspoken question was answered by Rudolf handing her the case, and saying,—

‘This was sent me by the emperor.’

It contained a pretty ring of small value.

‘Could we sell this, do you suppose?’ inquired Elsa timidly.

‘Sell it? My darling girl, what are you thinking of? No, a Von Eberstein has not yet fallen so low as to barter the presents of his sovereign.’ So poor Elsa was silenced.

Rudolf might have added that the ring would fetch a very moderate sum, and that the money would not be worth the risk of his sale, in the limited circle of Vienna society, being detected by royalty, but, to do him justice, neither consideration occurred to his mind.

On the next day Rudolf took the manuscripts of the pieces he had played at Schönbrunn to the chief music publisher at Vienna; but to his great chagrin and disappointment the head of the house looked askance at them.

‘You are unknown, and they would have no sale at all.’

‘But I played them at court, yesterday.’

‘Ah, yes, our emperor and empress are gracious. Try to play elsewhere, my young friend,’ added the publisher, who was really good-natured. ‘Become known, and then your compositions will be worth our while to publish; or copy them yourself, and try to get people to purchase them.’

Rudolf, who had felt sure that his *réveries* for the violin and *capriccio* for the clavier would command



instant appreciation by reason of their real worth, looked so bitterly disappointed that the publisher entered into further conversation with him.

'The Viennese public are not so musical as you suppose,' said he at length. 'They raved about the little Mozart of whom you speak, when he was a baby prodigy, but when he appeared last year and tried to take his rank as a musician, he met with nothing but discouragement. The common people care for bull-baiting more than any other amusement, so what can you expect? Then the musicians, my young friend, are a terrible set; always backbiting and injuring one another. Jealousy and cabals of every sort are rife, and they will be all against you. I advise you to go back to the Herr Grandpapa.'

'Never!' cried Rudolf, as he took up his rejected manuscripts to depart.

That evening as the brother and sister sat together they talked seriously over the prospect before them. Rudolf had played at court, but except the fairy-like vision of Marie Antoinette and the little ring, he had carried no particular advantages away with him. The publication and sale of his compositions, on which the foolish boy had depended, seemed a thing of the far future. In the vast public of Vienna they were destitute of friends, save for the faithful Paul Engelhardt. Their stock of florins was melting down. How visionary seemed the brilliant prospect of a few short days ago! Lessons! why, Rudolf, could not hope to get even the 'stupid unmusical' pupils he so contemned!

And yet nothing of importance had occurred to open the eyes of the brother and sister! It was



simply that the glamour of life had suddenly faded away, and they saw things in their true aspect.

As they spoke, a tap came at the door, and Paul Engelhardt entered. It was the first time Elsa had met him since their walk together, and a vivid blush dyed her face, but he spoke to her in his usual manner.

'Well, is the great musician pondering his future career?' he asked good-naturedly. 'I want to hear about the visit to court.'

'I went to court and played to the royal family,' said Rudolf bitterly; 'but I seem to be much where I was before, as for any prospect of success; and worse off than before, insomuch that every day we get poorer; and nobody will look at my manuscripts.'

'Come, come, my boy, this will not do,' said Paul kindly, placing his hand on the head that Rudolf had bowed despairingly upon his folded arms, against the hired clavier. 'The artist temperament, you know, is either always too much elated or too much depressed.'

'I have been too much elated,' murmured Rudolf; 'that is easily seen; but I don't think I am too much depressed.'

'No, you may not think so, but you are. Don't talk any more, but play me your last sonata for the clavier. I am longing to hear it.'

Rudolf was only too glad to lose himself in the delicious strains of music. The *allegro* with which the sonata began was bright, melodious, and charming; the *andante* revealed depths of feeling which surprised Engelhardt in so young a composer; and the *prestissimo* at the close sounded as if the per-



former were bidding a bright defiance to all ills, and fleeing with airy footsteps from the regions of sordid care.

'That is the best thing you have done yet!' cried his friend. 'You have only to go on composing and improving. Vienna, in spite of what your publisher says, is not the city to neglect a good musician in the long run. Your day will come. Why, my good fellow, how long have you been here? Three weeks! yet you expect to find the world at your feet, and are not satisfied with having been in the presence of the empress *only* twice! Conceited lad! what do you expect?'

Rudolf laughed at the good-humoured raillery, in spite of himself.

'The difficulty is that I do not see—what next?'

'Hard work next, and hard work next after that. Certainly, you may with advantage make yourself known to any friends of your father and mother in Vienna; there must be many.'

'We were so young,' murmured Elsa, 'and our mother lived a very retired life. Stay, I remember the name of one great man—Prince Kaunitz.'

'The statesman, Prince Kaunitz, who gave the Mozarts an audience? He is a musical connoisseur and a kind-hearted man. Rudolf shall make himself known to him to-morrow. He will help you, never fear.'

But as Paul left the baker's shop his face looked grave. He thought the prospects before the ardent young musician of making an immediate livelihood in Vienna were but faint, and Rudolf could not afford to wait. True, he had talent, but so had Haydn,



Glück, Hasse, Mozart, and many far greater composers than Von Eberstein, who had won but slack recompense in Vienna. However, Engelhardt was not without resources, having climbed painfully up to a fair literary position ; and as he thought on these things, he vowed to himself that while he could work neither Elsa nor Rudolf should want for bread.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE ABBÉ METASTASIO.

A BRILLIANT suite of *salons*, glittering with wax candles, gleaming with mirrors—a rustling throng of beautiful women, flowers, diamonds, and feathers in their hair, their dresses flashing with jewels, their white shoulders shining in the soft light, while men in full court dress move among them, and a ripple of laughter and conversation flows easily along—such is the scene when the great Prince Wenceslaus Anton Kaunitz ‘receives.’ His diplomatic career has been a remarkable one. Minister, Ambassador, Chancellor of State, he has been Maria Theresa’s right hand, and is still, at the age of fifty-eight, supreme in Viennese society.

He is a little man, daintily and delicately arrayed in rose colour and silver, curled, perfumed, with a well-preserved complexion, and a white hand flashing with rings.

Two of the guests present a curious contrast to the others. One is a tall, fair young girl, in a plain white gown, with neither flowers nor feathers in her abundant golden-brown hair; the other, a thin, large-eyed youth. Together these two stand in a corner, not far from the clavichord and two or three music-desks.

‘What a tiny elegant figure Prince Kaunitz is! Just as though he had come out of a bandbox, or as



though he should be kept under a glass case !' says Elsa—for it is she.

'Hush, hush, sister ; he is one of the greatest diplomatists in Europe, and he is a thoroughly kind patron of art. Do you remember what Wolfgang says of him ?'

'Yes, and I remember, too, that after Wolfgang had the small-pox in Vienna last year, Prince Kaunitz would not see him, though the risk of infection was over long ago, because his face was marked. That is not my idea of a great statesman,' replies Elsa, a little maliciously.

'I don't quite see what the fear of small-pox has to do with being a statesman.'

'Except that one naturally looks for courage in a leader of nations.'

'There is courage of different sorts,' began Rudolf ; but he saw his princely host approaching at this moment, and rightly guessed that he came with a summons to the young musician to divert the company by a solo on the violin.

Prince Kaunitz was a pleasant contrast to many of his contemporaries in the kindly respect he paid to artists, and it was his former interest in Ottilie von Eberstein, the music mistress and singer, that gained for Rudolf and Elsa the honour of an invitation to his gorgeous mansion.

But Rudolf's Straduarius had little power to thrill that gay and worldly throng. His dreamy tones, instinct with mysterious sweetness, needed quiet and sympathy to be appreciated. A few guests listened, from respect to their host ; a professional musician, here and there, felt a twinge of jealousy, and resolved



to be on his guard against the new *protégé*; only one or two connoisseurs were struck by the player's pure and noble style and the beauty of his composition. A scarcely repressed hum of conversation accompanied the plaintive strains, that seemed to plead in vain for a hearing in this arena of fashion.

Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt,  
Der in den Zweigen wohnet;  
Das Lied, das aus der Kehle dringt,  
Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.

‘I sing, as sings the joyous bird,  
High in the branches dwelling;  
The song he trills, unpraised, unheard,  
Reward is, all-excelling.’

So sang Goethe's ‘Minstrel’ some years later. And Rudolf was a musician to the very heart and core of him—no mere aspirant for notoriety or wealth. The strain itself was a rich reward, as he breathed out his soul on his beloved violin. And yet, for love of music, he would have had every heart love her too. When at length he ended, Elsa's cheeks were burning, and she looked round on the unheeding throng as though she would have spoken the rebuke that shone in her glorious blue eyes, dark with unshed tears.

One of the guests had attracted her especial attention. This was a man of about seventy years of age, wonderfully handsome for his years; his face was pleasing, lit by bright black eyes, and his expression was marked by benevolence, uprightness, and an air of goodness. Withal, there was a certain poetical refinement that made his countenance worthy of contemplation. He was richly dressed, and seemed to receive marked respect from the various guests.



He had silently listened to Rudolf's *rêverie* and now approaching Elsa, he addressed her with a gracious and charming air of courtesy, and a smile whose benignant kindness had a soothing effect on her perturbed state of mind.

'My child, you will be proud of your brother. He is a musician. But do not wonder that the giddy throng heed him little. It is the lot of men of genius to be unappreciated and disregarded.'

As he spoke the Abbé Metastasio (for it was he, the court poet, or poet Laureate of Vienna) heaved a sigh. One would have thought that he knew by experience the reverses of genius. This was not the case, for he had led a peculiarly smooth and peaceful life. He was the son of a common soldier, but when he was only ten years of age, a kind patron, recognising his talent, had taken him by the hand, educated him, and finally left him his whole fortune. Since 1729, he had been poet Laureate, composing verses for every court gala, furnishing the libretto for operas, and living in high favour with the rich and great—a favour merited by the charm, grace and melody of his poetry, and his decorously ordered life.

Without being aware what exalted personage was addressing her, Elsa felt that he was kind, and that he could appreciate Rudolf. The suavity of his manner and gentleness of his glance wooed her confidence, and she was soon pouring out all her history to the new-formed friend.

'Has your brother set words to music?' inquired the abbé. 'Let him come in a few days to the house of Nicolai Mantinez, Master of the Ceremonies to the Apostolic Nuncio, and he shall have a lyric by



Metastasio. Let him compose a fitting melody, and I venture to say the publishers at Vienna will not refuse it.'

With a gracious smile, and evident pleasure at accepting Elsa's trembling thanks, the court poet moved away. Her fair, piteous face, and the fact that Prince Kaunitz protected Rudolf, had co-operated with Metastasio's natural benevolence in procuring this sudden favour.

Meanwhile Rudolf was standing a little apart, and shortly a famous prima donna burst into a *bravura* performance. When she had finished her runs, trills, shakes, and flourishes, Elsa sought her brother's side, and told him of the abbé's condescension.

The young musician's eyes lit up with the gladness of hope.

'My music wedded to the poet Laureate's words!' he reflected. 'Well, it is a union that shall not degrade the latter.'

The rest of the evening was spent by the brother and sister in looking out from their corner upon the gay pageant that passed before them. More than one glance of admiration was cast upon the lovely face and graceful figure of Elsa; now and then a stranger condescendingly spoke to her, but she felt keenly that she had nothing in common with these perfumed, powdered, gaily-dressed men and women, with the artificiality that always strikes a country maid so strongly, expressing itself in every look and tone. Elsa had not the magic pass-word to admit her into this company, and more than once her thoughts reverted to the friendly face of Paul Engelhardt, his quiet earnestness of manner, and the pro-



tecting gentleness of his glance. How different was his mode of speech from the *banal* compliments that seemed to be the only form of expression these fine gentlemen knew how to use! Then the thought of the empress's suggestion as to a 'suitable husband' flashed with positive terror across the young girl's mind, and she contemplated the elegant courtiers before her with an impulse of dislike.

The guests of Prince Kaunitz would have been highly amazed and indignant had they known of this feeling on the part of the country maid whom they considered to be only too much honoured by one of their patronising speeches! But Elsa was glad when the evening was over, and, among the roll of carriages and flaring of links, she and Rudolf hurried back on foot to their distant lodging.

'Shall you begin to compose your melody for the Abbé Metastasio's words, dear Rudolf?' she inquired next morning, as they sat over their roll and chocolate.

Her brother laughed patronisingly. 'My dear child, how can I, till I know what the words are? They may be sad, in which case a joyful melody would be absurd; or joyful, and a dolorous air would prove incongruous. No, I will wait a few days, and in the meantime I have plenty to do.'

This was true, for the lad's whole nature was absorbed by his passion for music; and the change of circumstances which had thrown him upon his own resources had furnished the necessary impulse to production. To have a genius for art is not necessarily to produce great works, either of music, painting, sculpture, or literature. There is such a thing as 'artistic inaction,' and the dreaming over vague mag-



nificent conceptions that never find outward embodiment, is one of the strongest temptations that can beset men of genius. Sometimes this lack of production may be the result of cruel circumstance, as the poet suggests—

‘Alas for those who never sing,  
But die with all their music in them.’

And the lot of such men is one of the most piteous the world can know. But more frequently there is a *dolce far niente* of meditating over what is one day to appear, and what, as the days go by, never does appear.

Happily, for most people in this world there is some outward stimulus to work, and to Rudolf the stimulus had come in real earnest. The beauty of Nature, among which he had spent the last eight years of his life, had moulded his genius, even as it moulded the genius of his greater friend, Mozart. In after years we read of the latter :—

‘When he was travelling with his wife through beautiful scenery, he used to gaze earnestly and in silence on the scene before him ; his usually absent and thoughtful expression would brighten by degrees, and he would begin to sing, or rather to hum, finally breaking out with, “If I could only put the subject down on paper”!’

So the external loveliness of the valley among the Salzburg Alps—the aspect of Nature in varying seasons, sunlight and storm, moonlight and noontide—had all struck deeply into the boy’s heart. And now this early environment, combined with his musical training, was producing its effect, not merely in



the inner activity that is inevitable for a musician, but in the definite outer activity that is not inevitable. Not only did Rudolf create, but he gave his creations outward form, and his little stock of manuscripts gradually increased. Elsa had learnt to copy music exquisitely, and sat patiently tracing out the scores from blotted and hasty originals for many a long hour. For the rest, her needle or her broom and brush were always busy, and the bare *appartement* was kept with exquisite cleanliness. It was not the work she preferred, for Paul Engelhardt's training had given her mental resources, and she loved to read and study at least a part of the day. Still she would have done it all cheerfully had it not been for one heavy load at her heart. Rudolf's cough did not cease, and his cheek was thin. He could not be called an invalid, and he disliked all obvious anxiety for his health, and yet—

'Oh, my darling! my darling!' were all the words Elsa's heart could frame when she thought of her mother's decline in consumption, and marked the ominous likeness growing each day more visible in Rudolf to the one who was gone. But she strove to put aside such terrible forebodings. The November days were chill and trying—a cough was no uncommon malady—and when Rudolf had Metastasio's words to advertise his music, success would come swiftly, and all would be well.

With a beating heart the young musician made his way, a fortnight after Prince Kaunitz's reception, to the house inhabited by the celebrated imperial poet, and after waiting awhile he was admitted to Metastasio's presence.



The luxury of every detail in the sumptuous apartment, and the prosperous appearance of the handsome abbé himself, could not fail to impress the young visitor. With infinite graciousness Metastasio motioned him to a seat, and began a conversation upon music.

It was an evident and palpable shock to the great man when Rudolf confessed he had never seen an opera. The dramas of Metastasio had been set to music, some of them as many as thirty or forty times, and by such composers as Hasse, Porpora, Handel, Glück, Galuppi, and Scarlatti, whose ranks Mozart was to join in time to come. Metastasio had originated a real improvement in the operatic world, inasmuch as the libretti he provided were of charming verse, sweet and melodious. *La Clemenza di Tito* contains many passages of pathos and beauty.

But Rudolf felt that the opera was a defective form of musical art. Music to him was the language of emotion, pure and simple; he could not imagine it as expressing action or incident, and the idea of a person at the point of death, for instance, singing a long and elaborate air, seemed to him incongruous. The air by itself might be an excellent expression of the supreme emotion of the death-hour, but when accompanied by languishing dramatic action, it became, in his opinion, a shock to the spectator's appreciation of the fitness of things. The spontaneousness of the action, the expressiveness of the melody, were alike injured by an attempt to combine the two, to say nothing of any further objection.

Such was the view Rudolf had elaborated for himself, and he unwisely attempted to explain it to



Metastasio, whose ordinarily serene brow gathered a shade of disapproval. The poor young musician, whose secluded life had kept him from being *au courant* with the fashionable musical world, saw that he had made a blunder, but was fortunate enough to hit on a sentence that retrieved it.

‘And yet, M. l’Abbé, I think that your works have been played with applause as tragedies pure and simple, without music, both in France and Germany.’

‘You speak truly, young man,’ observed Metastasio, with recovered graciousness. ‘The composer is, after all, but the interpreter of the poet, and now, alas! we have to deplore the decline of music. Why is this? Because vocalists take so much liberty with the words entrusted to them, destroying alike truth and beauty of expression.’

It became very clear that the abbé regarded music as but the handmaid to poetry (if his *own* poetry, so much the better), and he proceeded to impress upon Rudolf that to win the public ear he must put aside his *rêveries* for the violin and sonatas or *capriccios* for the clavier, and interpret words. He made known to his young visitor that he, Metastasio himself, had been accustomed to sing ‘like a seraph,’ as he smilingly expressed it, and he too could compose a little, so he knew all about what a song ought to be. With much advice and gracious patronage he continued to discourse, but finally, drawing from his desk a paper containing a few lines, he handed it to Rudolf, with directions to bring the composition as soon as it was ready.

The poem was entitled *Il Rossignole* and the grateful Rudolf withdrew with his treasure.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### A MEMORABLE INTERVIEW.

IT was a joyful day for Rudolf when he completed the alto solo for Metastasio's little poem. Truth to tell, the words were not remarkable for originality, but, such as they were, the court poet evidently regarded them as the better half of the wedlock. Like some noble lord stooping graciously to wed a humble village maiden—in such wise did the abbé consider his lyric joined to the obscure Rudolf's music. He condescended, however, graciously to approve the union, and the young composer went gladly to the publisher, who up to that time had scorned his productions.

Metastasio's sanction did what it was expected to do; the song was accepted, and the happy musician went home, treading upon air.

And yet the gain from the transaction was slender indeed. The music trade of the day was widely different from what it is at the present time; compositions were more often copied than printed, and publishers were not ashamed to try to obtain copies of a composer's works without his knowledge, and to advertise them for sale under his very eyes. The printing and publishing of a song was not a lucrative matter, and Rudolf's visions of fame and fortune were not appreciably nearer realization.

The inexperienced Elsa was dismayed at the meagre sum thrown into her lap by Rudolf on his



return ; yet she would not damp his ardour by exclaiming at its smallness, nor could she bear to inquire how they were to live during the winter. Rather did she listen with sympathy once more to the rehearsal of the melody. It was no commonplace succession of trills in imitation of the nightingale, but rather an attempt to echo the plaintive sadness of the ancient legend, and the cry for *Itys*.

Poor little song ! Although Rudolf gained hardly anything by its composition, its publishers were by no means enriched. The appearance of a new composer at Vienna was the signal for a hue and cry of jealousy from all the existing artists. Metastasio's words were the recognised property of the court composers, according to their own ideas.

Who was this unknown upstart, who had dared to infringe on their rights, and also to play in the *salons* of Prince Kaunitz ? The song, if noticed at all, was decried, and not a singer of eminence would lend it her voice.

It is unnecessary to trace week by week the events of that winter in Vienna, so chequered by alternations of hope and dejection. Rudolf was busy all day with music ; but when he took his next composition—a concerto for the violin—to the publishers, he was told flatly that it would not pay to print it.

‘You had better copy it yourself and sell the copies at what you can get, to any one who will buy,’ he was told by the good-natured head of the firm.

‘Have many purchased my song—*Il Rossignole* ?’ faltered Rudolf, glancing to the back of the shop, where he thought he saw a dusty heap of copies of that treasured work.



'No, my good boy,' said the other, not unkindly. 'And now let me give you a word of advice. You have remarkable talent, but that won't suffice you alone; you must *push*. You should have gone from singer to singer till you found some one who would sing your "lyric" in public, and thus introduce it. Flattery, bribes if need be—oh, you look scornful, but human nature is human nature, especially in Vienna. You can't live by publishing, even if we took all your works, which we can't do in justice to ourselves, but the singing of the song would have brought you into notice.'

'Then what am I to live by?' asked Rudolf.

'By playing at great houses and by giving lessons. You have talent as an executant. But you must work yourself into public favour somehow; who wants to live by public approval must please the public. Can't you write an opera buffa, for instance? The Viennese like to be amused.'

'I am sure I cannot.'

'Then I commend to you what I have said; and good day to you.'

'Poor lad,' thought the man as he watched Rudolf's slow step withdrawing heavily. 'He will not see many more winters, unless I am greatly mistaken.'

While Rudolf was out, Elsa received a visit from Paul Engelhardt. It was the first time she had seen him alone since his offer of marriage to her, and a deep flush stained her cheek, to be succeeded by unusual paleness. But she quickly discerned that he was perturbed and troubled, and forgot her own confusion in sympathy for him, when she heard he was summoned to set forth at once for a town in Northern



Germany, where his father lay dying. There had been a separation for many years between father and son, partly on account of Paul's literary pursuits, which the senior Engelhardt disdained. But now the old man had relented—the summons was urgent.

'I am the eldest son; there will be very much to arrange,' said Paul hurriedly. 'It may be many weeks, or even months, before I can return; the journey is long. I cannot bear to leave you. I have only a moment, but let me entreat you to accept this.'

He had brought a little packet, containing all the money he could spare from his scanty store, and placed it as he spoke on the table. But Elsa felt instantly, 'I must not take money from him unless I can consent to what he asks from me,' and in her most decided manner, although with thanks, refused the gift.

That interview was a thoroughly unsatisfactory one. Paul, divided between anxiety she should accept the sum, and fear of wounding her, grew almost angry at her determined refusal, while her foolish pride only waxed more and more obdurate as he insisted. The offer might have been more dexterously managed, but there was no time for stratagem or delicate tonings down; and at last Engelhardt perceived it would distress and offend her to press the gift further.

'If Rudolf had only been at home, I would have made him hear reason, and take it as a loan,' he thought, but he only said sternly,—

'Then, Elsa, I insist that you write to me if you and Rudolf are in trouble. Promise me, or I will not take this back.'

'If you leave it, I shall send it after you,' said



Elsa wilfully. 'Rudolf is even now gone to sell his concerto to the publishers; we shall have enough and to spare.'

'But you will write to me if you are in need?' The sorrow and determination in Paul's face compelled a reluctant 'Yes' from Elsa, and in a moment the last farewells were said, and he was gone. How wretched she felt! and what a sense of loneliness came over her to think he would no longer be at hand! She flew to the window, but he was out of sight.

There was the slightest possible veil of misunderstanding between these two. Elsa's resolve to cling to Rudolf while he needed her, and lack of comprehension of her own heart, made her seem much less favourably inclined towards Engelhardt than she was in reality. He on his part could scarcely appreciate her exclusive sisterly devotion and conscientious feeling that she was bound to devote herself wholly to her delicate brother. For there was in Elsa a strong spice of the nature of that grandmother who had left home and country 'for conscience' sake.' The result was that Paul felt chilled and discouraged. 'I am too old; she does not care for me,' he thought sadly, as he journeyed on his long and lonely way. Meanwhile Elsa reproached herself, and grieved over his sternness by turns, and was in no fit case to bear the depressing news Rudolf brought from the publishers. Yet she roused herself directly to cheer him.

'What, Engelhardt gone too! everything is against us,' sighed the boy wearily.

Christmas passed, and the winter weather grew severe. No further summons to play in Prince Kaunitz's assemblies came to Rudolf, and this was



not surprising, for the good-natured little statesman had explained to his *protégé* that a musician, like a dainty dish, must not be served up often enough to weary the palate. But the poor fellow was realizing the fact that the world forgets those who do not urge themselves upon its notice. He could only shut himself up and pour out his soul in melodies, true and sweet, that no one would regard. Meanwhile Elsa began to pinch and starve herself, and to sell one after another of her little trinkets to provide the needed food and fuel for Rudolf. As it was, his cough did not cease, and his bright eyes and hectic flush distracted her. When the first breath of spring came in the air, she had nearly made up her mind to bend her pride and write to Paul Engelhardt for money in reply to his letters, which somehow chilled her by their studied reserve. Only a few florins were left, and what to do when they were exhausted she knew not; for any suggestion of an appeal to their grandfather was sufficient to fling Rudolf into a state of nervous irritation. He was not practical, and the care of the *ménage* weighed heavily on poor Elsa's shoulders. She had sought for work on her own account, but without success. In this distressing state of things, a temporary relief came suddenly, brought about by the inspiration that was always haunting Rudolf.

The radiant vision, that, since the visit to Schönbunn, had dwelt in the boy's imagination, gradually wrought itself into a peculiarly beautiful soprano melody, to which he fashioned words of his own. The poem and music alike expressed reverent boyish homage, and grief at her approaching departure, to



one who, in the composer's estimation, was the queen of all beauty and grace.

They were conceived in the spirit of a more modern utterance :

'I can give not what men call love,  
But wilt thou accept not  
The homage the heart lifts above,  
And the heavens reject not?  
The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow.'

When Rudolf had touched and retouched the composition, he called it *Adieu*, and secretly sent it, trembling at his own audacity, to the Archduchess Marie Antoinette.

Many days passed without any reply, but at length there came a summons to brother and sister to repair to court.

Elsa was dismayed, though she could not help hoping some good would result for Rudolf. When he told her what he had done, she trembled afresh ; but the order was not to be disregarded, and the brother and sister set forth for Schönbrunn.

After long waiting they were ushered into a small *salon*, where the empress herself, august yet gracious, was seated with her daughters. One glance was sufficient to dazzle Rudolf anew, for there sat the lovely Marie Antoinette, and she smiled upon him. Fain would he have knelt at her feet, but he was constrained to practise self-control, and to remember that he was an ordinary mortal, while she was the fairest princess in Europe.

'We have received your composition,' Maria Theresa



said, in her stately manner; 'and we find that the music is far above the average. Indeed, it is good and beautiful, and the words are respectful, and not too openly eulogistic. You shall now accompany one of my daughters, who will sing your melody, that you may tell us whether we have read it aright.'

The happy Rudolf sat down to the clavier, improvised, and then heard one of the archduchesses sing the praises of her sister in a very fairly tuneful voice. In one or two little points he ventured to set her right. How Elsa, standing there by the clavier unnoticed, thrilled with joy and pride! At last—at last—Rudolf was appreciated; all the dreadful dreams of illness, starvation, return to their exultant grandfather, were but visions of the night, destined to vanish away in the dawn of Marie Antoinette's smile.

'That is well,' said the empress, at the close. 'You have given us something far superior to the commonplace eulogies on my daughter, which I do not notice.'

It was true. The song was the best Rudolf had ever written, and he knew it.

'August Sovereign, the inspiration is not commonplace,' he managed to answer, with a bow.

Maria Theresa made a slight sign with her head, at which her daughters gracefully rose and left the *salon*.

'I had not forgotten you,' she said imperially; and very likely she thought it was true, although neither brother nor sister had been present to her mind until the song arrived.

'You are succeeding?'

'Your majesty, no,' cried Elsa, though the empress had not addressed the remark to her. 'Rudolf is not appreciated; he cannot get his compositions known.'











‘And your resources?’

‘They are nothing,’ faltered Elsa; for that very day she had seen that her stock of coins would not last out the week.

Maria Theresa pondered awhile with her fine forehead knitted in thought. These children of her favourite Ottilie and her gallant colonel must not be left to want.

‘Cannot you return to your relatives?’ she inquired.

‘My grandfather insulted my mother’s memory,’ said Rudolf simply. ‘I would rather starve, your majesty, than let him repeat the insults. And yet I cannot see Elsa starve.’

The boy was not strong, and his lip quivered.

‘Neither of you shall starve,’ said the empress brusquely.

She loved to enact a *Deus ex machina*, and since the song had recalled the two orphans to her mind, she had benevolently reverted to her idea of marrying Elsa. A certain official in her service, Hans Müller, one of the overseers of the Schönbrunn parks and gardens, was unmarried. He was of the age of thirty; a stolid, slow-witted, steady, and faithful servant, of good character, and, in her judgment, a very fitting husband for Elsa von Eberstein. He was devoted to his empress, and, though he seemed to lack energy to procure a wife on his own account, he appeared willing to accept one from her hand—the more especially as he had seen and admired the gentle girl more than once. Lovely, well-educated, young, Elsa lacked nothing but money to make her a most desirable bride, and if the old Von Eberstein would not hear reason, the empress thought benevolently, ‘a



moderate dowry might possibly be found for the child.' Hans Müller, on the other hand, was steady and trusty. For the one, Maria Theresa wished to provide a husband ; for the other, a wife—what more fitting could be devised ?

' You cannot earn your own living, child ? ' she said to Elsa.

The girl's mind reverted to her household work and constant care, yet she could only utter in reply a faltering, ' No, your majesty.'

' You must marry,' said Maria Theresa decisively. ' Then your brother can perhaps be assisted. It is more easy to provide for one than for two, and I think I know some one who will prove a fitting husband for you.

' He is Herr Müller, a respectable person attached to my outdoor service here at Schönbrunn, but ten years older than yourself, of faultless antecedents. I will arrange that you shall meet, and doubtless all difficulties will be smoothed away.'

An inexpressible repugnance struck home to poor Elsa's heart. The overwhelming presence of majesty—this stately woman who was taking her fate in two hands and disposing of her as though she were a lifeless thing—seemed to stifle her, and yet she felt as though she must cry out in revolt and terror. Oh, why had she come to court again ! what would become of her ?

The girl's agast countenance, with the red driven from her cheeks, and her eyes wide in dismay, would have informed a less astute observer than the empress of her horror at the proposal. In framing this scheme, Maria Theresa had no motive but innate kindness, mingled perhaps with a certain pleasure, inseparable



from the long exercise of absolute power, in moving human puppets, *for their good*, at her will.

It was therefore not wonderful that she felt a movement of annoyance at seeing Elsa's consternation.

'You informed me, when you were in my presence before, that you had no other attachment,' she observed, in icy tones. 'If that is true—and I should grieve to suppose that a child of my favourite Ottilie would tell me a falsehood—you can have no objection at least to *see* the person of whom I speak. Should you have any reasonable ground for disliking him, the marriage should not be forced upon you. You cannot wish your poor brother to be longer charged with your maintenance, if a worthy marriage is proposed on your behalf.'

This was a little hard, as Elsa's gift from Aunt Lucinda and the sale of her trinkets had proved the staple of maintenance hitherto, and poor Rudolf's contributions to the domestic fund had—not from lack of will—been slight indeed, while for his sake his sister had given up home and friends.

'Your majesty is very gracious,' said the girl at length, controlling her voice, 'but I cannot marry.'

The penetrating gaze of the empress was fixed upon the girl.

'You are foolish not to confide in me,' she observed. 'If your affections are engaged, you should say so with frankness. If they are not, you cannot surely be so obstinate and selfish as to blindly oppose my plan for providing you with a suitable home, and a husband whom, not having seen, you cannot dislike.'

Elsa was silent. The thought of Paul Engelhardt came to her like an angel of deliverance, and from



that moment she knew that she could give him the answer he wished. But how confess this to the stately empress in the presence of Rudolf? It was a horrible pause both for brother and sister, and at last Maria Theresa mercifully put an end to it.

'I will give you a fortnight for consideration, after which you shall again have audience and let me know it you are pliable to my wishes for your good. Then I may endeavour to help your brother.'

The empress rose and swept from the room, thinking as she went, 'The boy is a genius; the pretty sister is a stubborn, silly spoilt, child.' Immediately on her departure a chamberlain came in and handed Rudolf, as payment for his effusion, a purse containing six ducats (not quite £3), which he would fain have refused had he been able; then the brother and sister found themselves escorted out of the palace.

It required all Rudolf's affection for Elsa to keep him from feeling irritated with her for having, so to speak, introduced a jarring note into this wonderful scene, when he had been face to face with the goddess of his dreams, and heard his music in her praise rehearsed before her. But the devoted sister had self-control enough to dwell exclusively on the delightful part of the interview; and, indeed, she rejoiced for Rudolf's sake that such success had waited on his song.

For herself, when she was quiet and alone, she would think what was best to be done; she would in some way endeavour not to affront the empress, and yet to preserve her independence.

'Another summons to play at Prince Kaunitz's reception!' cried Rudolf, on re-entering their *appartement*. 'Elsa, sister mine, success has come at last!'



## CHAPTER XV.

### FAREWELL TO VIENNA.

‘Do you see that gentleman watching you?’ inquired Elsa of her brother, as the two stood in a corner of Prince Kaunitz’s brilliant *salon*.  
‘He did not lose a note of your violin solo.’

The personage described was a tall and haughty-looking man of middle age, handsomely dressed, who, as Elsa said, had listened attentively to the notes of Rudolf’s *Straduarius*. When he had contemplated the young man a few moments longer, he moved away, apparently to seek his host, for in a little while the august Prince Kaunitz himself was seen approaching. The tiny, dapper statesman, in his dainty trappings, formed a curious contrast to the tall, sombre man by his side, with whom he was conversing in an animated manner.

‘My friend, Count Rosenkrantz, wishes to speak to you,’ said the patron of music to his young *protégé*.  
‘He approves the style of your playing.’

‘Count Rosenkrantz! Where have I heard that name?’ Elsa asked herself. Then it flashed into her mind; it was to the estate of a Count Rosenkrantz that Heinrich Stern had gone as wood-ranger. Meanwhile the stranger, in a sharp, businesslike tone was catechising Rudolf. Was the theme he had played his own composition? Did he compose much? Here Rudolf was able modestly to quote his song for



Metastasio's words, and the *Adieu* accepted by Marie Antoinette. Was he engaged in any definite work? and so forth. At the close of the conversation a colloquy between Prince Kaunitz and his guest again took place. Then the count, turning to Rudolf, said abruptly,—

'I am fond of music, and compose a little myself. I want a violinist and composer in my household. Can you play first violin in chamber music, play the clavier at times, compose a little, put my ideas into shape for me, and, in short, act as domestic musician? If so, you can enter my service, and I will give you two hundred florins salary. I live the greater part of the year at my country seat at Perlensee, near Vienna, whither I go at the end of the week. If you accept my offer, you can travel with me.'

Rudolf was startled, gratified, bewildered, all at once. He recognised the count's name and his connection with the Stern family, and his first impulse was to accept on the spot. Then the thought of Elsa flashed on his mind. What should he do with her—or without her?

'What is the difficulty?' said the count's incisive voice.

'Your excellency's offer is very kind,' hesitated Rudolf; 'but I would ask that I may have a little time for consideration.'

'Till to-morrow evening, then,' replied the nobleman; 'but no longer. There are many musicians in Vienna, young sir, and I wish to make a suitable choice before I leave the city.'

Yes, there were 'many musicians in Vienna,' as the



poor lad had been informed once before, and as he knew by bitter experience. Time was when Rudolf would have scorned the thought of a household post, as fettering to his genius; but now he knew that a home and a definite income were not to be thoughtlessly rejected.

The count gave Rudolf his card, containing an address in a fashionable part of Vienna, with strict injunctions to send his answer by the time appointed, unless he wished to find the situation gone. Then the two august personages moved away, and left the brother and sister to discuss the change in the order of affairs as best they might.

There was no doubt at all in Elsa's mind about the matter, and when they had reached home the two sat hand in hand, while the sister explained her views.

'If you would like to take it, dear Rudolf, you must.'

'Well,' replied her brother, 'as to liking it, I should prefer, of course, to be my own master; but, though I know nothing of the services of a domestic musician, I shall, I suppose, have a position of dignity, freedom to compose, and money, which I cannot earn here in sufficient quantity to buy me anything beside fitting dress to appear in at these rare assemblies where I play perhaps once in three months. But then, my Elsa, I cannot leave thee alone.'

'And do you think I will be a burden on you, my darling? No, let the empress say what she will I will never be that. Rather would I return at once to my grandfather, at Castle Höhenfels, and that would be within my power at any time. But I have another plan. I will go too.'



'Nay, Elsa; the count does not need any maidens in his service—'

'I do not mean to go to his castle,' laughed Elsa. 'Listen, and I will tell my scheme. Oh, it is a clever plan! At Perlensee lives the deserter, Heinrich Stern, now wood-ranger to Count Rosenkrantz, with his wife and family. In their cottage they will find me a corner, for their elder children are now grown up and away from home. You know the gratitude they bear us for our care of Heinrich—or rather,' she added, with a slight tremor in her voice, 'the care shown him by our tutor. There I shall be close at hand, able to see thee often, to remind thee to take care of thy health, and away from this hateful city, with its benevolent, terrible empress, who wants to marry me to her gardener.'

'Not a gardener, Elsa,' remonstrated Rudolf, in surprise; for his sister had leapt to her feet, and was pacing the room with a glow of excitement burning on her cheek. 'Herr Müller is a very respectable person—though not all one would like for a brother-in-law. And you do not do her majesty justice. It was pure kindness; it is no advantage to her; and how wonderful it is that a woman who has had the destinies of nations in her grasp should stoop to consider the future of a country maiden!'

'I know, Rudolf,' said Elsa, dropping on her knee beside her brother. 'I do not mean to be ungrateful. She is kind; she is benevolent; but she is a tyrant still; and when she looks at me with that imperial gaze, in spite of the benignity, there is a coldness in her eye that makes me shiver. If I do not act as she wishes, she will be displeased, and care nothing



more about you or me. Oh, I could not stay in Vienna, and see her again! Let us go away and be free!'

There was such ardour in Elsa's entreaty, and such apparent fitness in her plan, that Rudolf could not help agreeing to it. Although he was more sensible than his sister of the condescension shown by the great Maria Theresa, and the kindness of her motive, he was perfectly aware that to thwart her plans without good reason given would put an end to all royal protection for both of them. To accept the count's offer would solve a serious difficulty. The more he thought of it, the more he became convinced it was the only way to pursue his musical career, and yet to avoid starvation; and, accordingly, the next day he carried a humble assent to the nobleman's mansion.

Prince Kaunitz consented to explain this turn of events to her majesty, who at once dismissed Ottilie's children from her much-engrossed mind, with a parting impression that they had not shown themselves quite worthy of her gracious interest. But Marie Antoinette, whenever she glanced at the exquisitely-copied *Adieu*, felt a touch of compassion for the frail, dark-eyed musician who had laid this offering at her feet.

She little knew that he was haunting the ways, in order to obtain a distant glimpse of her just once again before he left the city where his experience had been so strange a medley of pleasure and of pain.

Meanwhile Elsa was busily occupied in the farewell arrangements. It was now March, and five months had been spent in Vienna—months, save that for one event, she could not bear to review in memory.



She longed to leave the city, and tried to cheer her brother to the utmost by depicting the future before them in brilliant colours. Their little treasury had just been replenished by the fee from Maria Theresa and that from Prince Kaunitz for Rudolf's last performance; so it was easy to pay for Elsa's journey to the village of Perlensee in a conveyance with others who were journeying in that direction.

The last days flew by, and the brother and sister had soon bidden adieu to the scenes of their first introduction to the great world. With what brilliant hopes had Rudolf entered the capital! and how utterly they had been disappointed, in spite of a transient measure of success! Nothing, as Elsa thought, could be very much worse.

On the journey she beguiled herself by the leisurely perusal of a long letter to Rudolf from Wolfgang Mozart, who with his father had gone to Italy in the previous December, and who had so far enjoyed a brilliant series of successes in that land of song.

Italy had hitherto been the land of music *par excellence*; but for the last thirty years the palm of instrumental music had been departing to Germany, and the young composer who was now making a pilgrimage to Rome was destined to rise as high as any Italian in the special department in which Italy still stood supreme—the opera.

It is difficult for us now to realize, with our reverential recollection of such names as Glück, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and Wagner, that it was only within the last century Germany became the fatherland of music. Till then Italy had been to musicians what



she now is to sculptors and painters—the goal whither their pilgrim steps were bent, the land where they must needs study, if they would succeed.

Young Mozart wrote bright and amusing letters, and detailed to his friend, without a particle of vanity, how at Roveredo and Verona a way had to be gradually forced for him by strong men to the organ, that he might play to the crowds that filled the church. 'Because I am so small, they all want to see me,' wrote the boy of fourteen. As clavier player, organist, violinist, vocalist, but most of all as a composer, his success was brilliant and complete; and when he wrote from Milan, he was under the patronage of Count Firmian, entering with families of rank into all the amusements of the carnival.

'We have to follow the fashion, and wear dominoes and hoods. Papa thinks I look well in them, but does not like them for himself. But he is comforted by the thought that they can be used for linings afterwards.'

Elsa laughed to herself at the thought of the grave and formal Herr Mozart masquerading against his will; then went on to read with extreme interest the account of a brilliant *soirée* at Count Firmian's palace, for which the young Mozart had been commissioned to prepare three songs to Metastasio's words, and which proved a grand success for the young musician. A snuff-box, twenty *gigliati* (a Florentine coin equal to a ducat, and therefore about nine shillings and fourpence of English money), and a copy of Metastasio's works were his reward, together with a commission to write the new opera for production at Milan at Christmas.



With generous pleasure Elsa thought of their friend's success, and was grateful to him for his closing words :

'How are you progressing, *amico mio*? Have you prospered in Vienna? I did not, and papa dislikes the place. But courage and success!'

The humble conveyance in which Elsa journeyed travelled more slowly than the horses of Count Rosenkrantz, and when towards evening she reached the village of Perlensee, she had the comforting knowledge that Rudolf was there before her, in the castle whose towers she saw proudly crowning a hill overlooking a small lake. The tranquil expanse of water reflected the sunset sky, and the hills and woods at its further extremity allured her by the thought of many a wild ramble in days to come.

She had written to announce her arrival to the wife of Heinrich Stern, and the poor woman, with her face worn by the bitter grief of long ago, was standing at the cottage door to receive her.

'Enter, enter, dear lady! You come to a poor home, but such as it is, we rejoice that it should shelter you.'

It was in truth a very humble retreat, and the room Elsa had assigned to her was little better than a loft. But it was spotlessly clean, and she lay down that night upon her straw mattress with a thankful heart, after a fervent prayer that her beloved brother might at length find rest and peace.

Only two little girls of the Stern children were at home, and Elsa resolved she would devote a short time every day to teaching them. The poor sister had formed her plans as she best could with regard



to earning money. Rudolf had declared that he could not possibly spend half his salary upon himself, as board and lodging would be provided, therefore the greater part of it should go for Elsa's support. But she determined that, when the summer came, and families of rank visited their country houses in the lovely neighbourhood, she would try to earn a little money by teaching their children, and by needlework.

Crude and impractical schemes these may have been; but none the less they were originated by one who in her way was a little heroine, willing to endure privation, to work day and night, if only she might from afar keep a watch over the comfort of a brother whom she loved better than she loved herself.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

**E**LSA soon learnt from the wood-ranger and his wife all that they could tell her of Count Rosenkrantz, Rudolf's employer and their own. He was a widower, without children, and was, according to surmise, not unlikely to marry again; for after a year or two of seclusion he was entering largely into society, visiting much when at Vienna, and entertaining a constant succession of guests at his country seat. The latter fact was apparent to Elsa, for carriages were frequently rolling past the cottage, bearing visitors to and from the castle; and as Rudolf did not come to see her at once, she guessed he must be thoroughly occupied.

Like most of the nobility of the day, Count Rosenkrantz kept a staff of domestic musicians. He was not rich enough to maintain a whole orchestra like Prince Esterhazy, but he had a small band, in which Rudolf was to take the place of first violin. The stir of a great man's country house was bewildering to one who had always lived simply, and his life contained a succession of surprises, as may be understood from the first conversation between sister and brother after their temporary separation.

Elsa dared not venture up to the castle to call on Rudolf, and yet was nearly beside herself with anxiety to know how he was adapting himself to his novel



position. After a week had passed she was roaming rather disconsolately by the margin of the lake, when she caught sight of his beloved figure coming down the steep path to greet her. She flew to meet him with an expression of delight.

'And how does the cottage life agree with my little sister?' he inquired affectionately, looking at her fair face under her simple, drooping hat.

'Wonderfully well,' replied Elsa. 'The Stern husband and wife are kindness itself; the children are good and docile. I teach them part of the day, then I sit and read or work in my own room as much as I wish, or walk out of doors and enjoy the prospect of the hills. But now, Rudolf, I long to hear of you. Tell me all. How do you like the castle?'

'It is very beautiful,' replied Rudolf evasively, 'and I have all I want.'

'But that is not enough. Describe your life to me.'

Rudolf did not appear very ready to comply with this injunction, till Elsa urged him.

'I shall have no peace till I know all that concerns thee,' she pleaded. 'It is useless to try to deceive me; already I see there is some disappointment. Say everything frankly, Rudolf, or I shall break my heart.'

'Well, then, Elsa, you must not be surprised that it is different from what we pictured to ourselves,' said Rudolf, with an attempt at cheerfulness. 'I am in the suite of a great man, and must grow accustomed to the fact.'

'In his suite, yes! But you are not his servant!'

'Indeed I am, and it is that that troubles me. You have divined that I am not satisfied. Well, I do not



want to be a discontented, roving fellow, but I can't bear that one who is identified with music should be considered below a valet.'

'Below a valet, Rudolf!'

'Indeed, yes. My post in the household is below them. I dine at twelve with the upper servants and three Italians, who are my musical colleagues, second-rate musicians, and fearfully jealous of the "Salzburger," as they call me. The "second violin," one Bertini, who hoped to have my position, bears a bitter grudge against me; I can see it in his eye. The two valets sit at the head of the table. I sit next to the cook, whose conversation is not particularly congenial. The servants talk loudly and drink freely; I am obliged, as I cannot join in their style of conversation, to sit silent all dinner-time, which does not improve my position with these gentlemen.'

'What a shameful thing!' cried Elsa indignantly. 'Perhaps the count does not know it.'

'Know it! Yes, he does. He treats me himself with the most superb insolence, though I honestly believe he has no idea of it. "You fellow!" is a favourite expression. He thinks he understands music, and the others humour him. "Play in time, you fellow there!" he shouted to me last night at dinner, when the others were hurrying an *adagio*.'

'What are your duties in this horrible place?'

'He likes me to hang about in the ante-chamber all the morning, while he is dressing or breakfasting, ready to be summoned if he has what he calls "a musical idea," that I may give it voice on violin or clavier. If, as usually happens, it is no idea at all, I am bullied and called slow of comprehension. The



Italians flatter him, and laugh in their sleeve. Indeed, a great deal of the talk at meal times is coarse scoffing and jesting at this master, whom they extol as a genius to his face. "Invent something yourself, Salzburger, and let him think it is his own theme," said one of them to me yesterday; "that is what we do."

'What did you reply?'

'I said I would not stoop to falsehood for any man, count or not, at which they sneered, and told me I was above my place.'

'What else?' demanded Elsa.

'At meals I play in quartetts, of which the count is fond, or sometimes in a trio or a duet. He likes Haydn's quartetts—that is one thing in his favour; and I hear we are soon going to pay Prince Esterhazy a visit, where that great musician is, like myself, eating the bread of dependence.'

'Oh, I am glad!' cried Elsa; 'it will be better than this.'

'We shall leave the cook behind, that is one good thing,' said Rudolf grimly. 'In the evening there is a concert to amuse the guests, of whom we have already several at the castle, or I am had in to play the clavichord, or accompany a song. But I never speak to any one, am condescendingly told by a valet when to enter, and hide myself in a corner, or slip out by a side entrance when I have done.'

'Have you any time for composition?'

'No definite time. I have to be always waiting about. Still, I do compose, and write down what I have thought of at night in my little den; for I have a room to myself, high up and small, but still a sanctuary.'



'The life you describe is shameful!' cried Elsa indignantly. 'Oh, Rudolf, you cannot bear it!'

'What angers me,' said Rudolf, clenching his fist, 'is the slight given through me to music. If it were only that I were deemed a poor musician, the case would be different. But it is not so. You heard what Prince Kaunitz said of the count's opinion. I am regarded as a promising musician; even "genius" was the word he used. And yet this gives me no better a position than a second valet. It is putting one of the greatest of the arts as a qualification for a household servant, like hairdressing or cookery. That is what infuriates me.'

Poor boy! He could not foresee that, six years later, his greater friend Mozart would be placed in a similar position; nay, even be spurned by the foot of an insolent master. Such was the rank given to the professors of the art divine as recently as the latter part of the eighteenth century. Music was steadily winning for itself larger appreciation, but people were unaccountably slow in seeing that the men whose inner ear heard, whose hand transcribed the exquisite harmonies that delighted them, deserved to be regarded and treated on a higher level than lackeys, or than the juggler who went through ball-throwing and rope-dancing for their pleasure.

The truth that the artist deserves to be honoured for the art that is in him was recognised better two thousand years ago, when it was said that the God spoke through his means.

'Not by art does the poet sing, but by power divine,' quoth Plato. Not by art alone does the musician discourse, but by a greater Power—the source of



all that is lovely and great and inspiring in the world.

But the evening mist was rising from the lake, and the anxious little sister urged her brother to return.

'I am loth to leave you, Elsa, for I know not when I shall see you again. I could not be out now, only the count is dining away from home.'

'Let us think what to do, while we are separated. You will not be able to bear this long.'

'No, Elsa, I fear I cannot,' said Rudolf mournfully. 'I cannot forget that my father died honourably in the service of the empress, that I am of unsullied descent, and have something within me that must one day win a hearing. I can't stoop to be a lackey for very long, or to give my own inspirations to the master who wants to adopt them as his own. Yet what are we to do?'

'God, who gave you your talent, will surely help us,' said Elsa solemnly. 'Let us pray to Him.'

The brother and sister parted, with an additional weight of care upon poor Elsa's mind that made her feel years older. She had indulged in visions of Rudolf occupying a distinguished position in the house of this patron of art, appreciated, living in comfort, associating with his equals in the nightly assemblies, with all his work in the direction he loved best. And this was the reality—an upper servant, relegated to the servants' hall, disdained as a menial beneath the notice of the count or his guests. It made it all the worse that the count did appreciate Rudolf's talent. On this fact Elsa had dwelt with joy; now it gave an added hopelessness to the case, for it showed the mean estimate in which genius was held.



Must a musician choose between honourable starvation and dishonourable food and servitude? The poor girl's heart cried out in revolt against such an unjust condition of things. 'The world is out of joint!' she would have said, had she been familiar with Hamlet.

'If Rudolf had flattered and cringed and pushed himself right and left, he might have been successful at Vienna,' she reflected, 'but was it worth the cost?'

When she had leisure from her own sorrowful thoughts, she had abundant food for reflection on other things amiss in the condition of society. Stern had never fully recovered from the danger and sufferings of that terrible journey years ago, when he fled with the Prussian recruiters on his track. His wife told Elsa that for months after he was safely restored to her, he would start and cry out in his sleep, and exclaim that he was lost. Nor could he shake off the nervous agitation that haunted him by day, long after he knew all chance of recapture was over. Of her own agony during that separation the poor wife could hardly speak, but it had left its traces on her prematurely aged face and trembling hands.

By what right was this man forcibly taken to serve in a war that was nothing to him, dressed up in detested uniform, set to try to kill people against whom he had no grudge, put in danger of losing his own life for a cause he hated, subjected to cruel and degrading punishments, while his wife was struggling, broken-hearted, at home? Oh, the cruel, senseless barbarity of the whole system! And this home was only the type of thousands of others, laid waste by these monarchs and their quarrels! Elsa's mind was



fast shaping itself into the mood of ardent revolt common to the youth of the latter end of the eighteenth century. One point in the painful story that always thrilled her with pleasure was the reverent affection of both Stern and his wife for Paul Engelhardt, the 'Good Samaritan,' as they called him. Elsa was never weary of hearing his praise.

She did not see Rudolf again for several weeks. The invitation from Prince Esterhazy came sooner than was expected, and the poor 'domestic musician' was kept too busily occupied to come out and bid his sister farewell in the brief interval between the summons and departure. But the change, and the prospect of seeing the great Joseph Haydn, were very welcome to the lad.

Far away—as it were, out of the world—he journeyed in the travelling equipages of the count. The three Italians and two or three personal servants also accompanied the great man to Esterház, the palace of Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy.

Was it fairyland or reality? From out a vast flat expanse at the end of the Neusiedler-See, an expanse formerly a marsh, but now drained by canals and intersected by dykes, rose a palace as magnificent as that of Versailles. Behind the castle a dense wood had been converted into an enchanted pleasaunce, where every turn revealed some new delight. Hot-houses, flower-gardens, summer-houses, grottoes, hermitages, temples, all fitted up in the most elaborate manner, vied with each other in exciting the interest and admiration of the spectator; while part of the forest had been converted into a park, where the deer ranged at will. An elegant theatre stood near the



castle, where operas, dramas, and comedies were performed, and a second theatre was devoted to marionettes. There was, of course, a chapel attached to the castle, and an immense band of singers and musicians, of whom Joseph Haydn was *kapellmeister*, formed the orchestra available for both services and operas. This orchestra was frequently reinforced by travelling companies of singers or of actors, and at a *café*, well served and devoted to their use, singers, actors, and musicians met in familiar intercourse, like one large family. Within the castle itself the rarest works of art were contained, and the interior appointments were of a luxury and splendour suited to the constant succession of royal or distinguished visitors.

Our simple hero was fairly dazzled by all this magnificence, and by the gay and numerous company, into which he found himself turned loose, of the musical caterers for the amusement of the guests.

He was not, however, condemned to the society of cooks and valets, and began to take great interest in observing and recognising singers and performers, male and female, whose names had long been familiar to him. The prince gave high salaries, and had artists of the first rank in his service. Among these was pre-eminent Joseph Haydn, the *kapellmeister*, and the 'father of the symphony and the quartett.'

With reverential interest Rudolf watched the great man from a distance. 'Great' he was artistically, but not physically, since he was below middle height and substantially built. He was at this time thirty-seven years of age, of regular features, with aquiline nose, broad forehead, and kind, dark-grey eyes. His face had an expression of benevolence that was not belied



even by his prominent underlip and heavy jaw. He wore a wig with side-curls and a pigtail, that gave him a precise appearance. Altogether he looked dignified, earnest, and benevolent, though no one could call him handsome. Rudolf quickly discovered that the *kapellmeister* was very popular with his 'chapel,' as the band of artists under his sway was entitled. 'Papa Haydn' was a favourite name for him. They loved him, and sought to please him in every respect.

'Who is that thin, dark-eyed fellow sitting by himself and drinking no wine?' inquired the *kapellmeister*, as dinner was in progress.

'Rudolf von Eberstein, Papa Haydn, violinist and clavier player in the suite of Count Rosenkrantz.'

'He is of rather a different build from most of his *confrères*, and looks as though he could play, or at least compose. See how far away he is from the present scene! I like the lad's face; bring him to me when dinner is over.

The *kapellmeister's* word was law, and Rudolf was surprised at being informed that the great composer wished to speak to him. Haydn's kind grey eyes had a benevolent look that touched the young musician as he bade him welcome to Esterházy.

'So you can play the violin?'

'After a manner,' Rudolf replied.

'I should like to hear you. Are those three Italians with you also?'

'Yes, we perform quartetts for Count Rosenkrantz.'

'Whose?'

'Your own, *kapellmeister*!'

'Basta!' exclaimed Haydn. 'Let me hear you



Bid the others fetch their instruments, and let us have the music out-of-doors in the balcony.'

Rudolf was nothing loth, and he and his colleagues were soon in the midst of one of those exquisite compositions which, for delicate allotment of parts to each instrument, tenderness, playfulness, cheerfulness, and freshness, are unique. At times they melt into pathos; at times they sparkle with delicious merriment. A circle of musicians, members of the band, with here and there an eminent vocalist, looked good-humouredly on.

The composer listened with a varying expression, not always of satisfaction, beating time vigorously. When it was over, he seized Rudolf's hand.

'Bravo, my young first violin!' he exclaimed. 'But you will pardon me, gentlemen,' turning to the luckless second violin, tenor, and violoncello, 'if I say you have much to learn. Why don't you follow your leader? Sometimes you run away from him; sometimes you lag behind. And as for delicacy of expression—*pfui!* Copy his example.'

A dangerous flash shot from the dark eyes of the 'second violin,' Bertini, and the 'violoncello' muttered, 'We always played it in that time till the Salzburger came.'

'Then you always played it wrong,' said Papa Haydn good-humouredly. 'I, the father, should know best about my own child. But now it is time to prepare for rehearsal.'

The company broke up, and Rudolf carried his beloved Straduarus back to its case, glad and happy at the praise he had received from one who was the author of such enchanting melody.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

THE remainder of that visit at Esterházy was tinged with pleasure to Rudolf; for he felt assured of the interest and friendly sympathy of the kind *kapellmeister*. Haydn was, it is true, too busy with his multifarious duties of conducting the orchestra, and training choirs, and composing something new to lay on his prince's breakfast-table every morning (generally a piece for that personage's favourite instrument, the barytone, or *viola di bardone*—a kind of violoncello) to take much notice of the young visitor; but he often threw him a kindly nod or a smile, and once or twice Rudolf had the privilege of conversing with him.

The *kapellmeister* was already known far beyond Austria. Leipzig, Paris, Amsterdam, and London echoed his fame, and he had been described by a Vienna newspaper as 'the favourite of our nation' (*der Liebling unserer Nation*).

'Are you contented,' Rudolf asked him, 'to remain so cut off from the world?'

'There are disadvantages in it,' Haydn replied, 'and I often wish to visit Italy, the land of song. But on the whole I have no desire to change my position. My prince is always satisfied with me, and I have the encouragement of his constant approval. I am out of the way of detractors, unfriendly critics,



and all the hostile swarm that torment a composer. I have no one to confuse me, and I am obliged to become original. Then, as conductor of an orchestra, I can watch effects and make experiments. My band and singers are on the best of terms with me, and are only too ready to try to carry out my ideas. On the whole, I think I am a lucky fellow.'

This content and blitheness find expression in Haydn's works, into which even humour is introduced—an innovation in the history of music! Gaiety, brightness, and tenderness reflect the man as he really was, and as he continued to be during a long and happy career.

Rudolf thought of his brief experience in Vienna, and could not but agree that Haydn was fortunate in being guarded from much of the strain and stress of life. Yet the *kapellmeister* had had a hard boyhood, and worked his way up from poverty. He had fought with obstacles that would have laid poor Rudolf prostrate. To begin with, he was far superior, both in musical genius and robustness of physical constitution, to the poor lad, whose feverishly-bright eyes and hollow cheeks began to show unmistakably that the battle of life would never be fought by him to its close.

Rudolf had only the genius to produce, without the practical power to turn his productions to account. Had it been otherwise, he might have done well, in a worldly sense, at Vienna.

'Why, my young friend,' Haydn cried, on hearing his story, 'you have actually been three times at court; played to Prince Kaunitz twice; Metastasio wrote a lyric for you; and yet you talk of failure!'



'One has to live,' said Rudolf regretfully; 'and all that you speak of cost me nearly as much money as it earned. My visits to court could not support me. Prince Kaunitz told me, though with much kindness, that he could not have me play more than twice in the season at his receptions, for fear of my becoming tiresome; and the guests talked all the while; they cared nothing for my violin, I could see. Then my song by Metastasio brought me scarcely anything. The publishers told me I should copy my compositions and urge people to buy copies; but I could not.'

'Ah-ha,' said Haydn, humming softly under his breath, 'it is *push* that is lacking. You should compel people to hear you—make yourself the fashion. It is hard for us artists; but we have to do it; and, as my old master, Nicolo Porpora, used to say, we can revenge ourselves for the folly and ignorance of this world we have to please by laughing in our sleeve at the fools who compose it. How he used to abuse the public! Yet he knew by sad experience full well that it is needful to hide one's disdain in order to succeed.'

'Then I cannot ever hope to succeed,' said Rudolf mournfully; 'for it is to me so terrible that the art I worship should be degraded by ambition, slavishness and timeserving, that I feel sick at heart when I think of it, and care only to hide myself in my room, and seek consolation in the tones of my clavichord or violin. The musical public at Vienna, from all that I could hear, and all that Herr Mozart and his son told me, seems honeycombed with intrigue, meanness, scheming of every description.'

Haydn shrugged his shoulders and heaved a sigh.



‘Well, perhaps I have, after all, much reason to rejoice in being cut off from it. But my early life was rougher than anything you have ever known. My father was only a country wheelwright, and the patrons who adopted me and taught me music (first my cousin Johann Franck, afterwards George Reuter, of St. Stephen’s Cathedral at Vienna) were harsh enough in all conscience. As for imperial favour, the first mark I had of it was when as a mischievous chorister I was scrambling on the scaffolding round the newly-built palace at Schönbrunn, and the Empress Maria Theresa ordered the court composer to see that the *blonder Dickkopf*, as she called me, had a sound thrashing.’

Rudolf laughed, and was entertained by sundry other reminiscences of the great musician—among others, by the story of his association with Porpora, lessons from whom he obtained by acting as his valet! Certainly Haydn had shouldered his way manfully onwards, in spite of many a rebuff; but as he talked the kindly *kapellmeister* felt that his young companion would never be able to do the like.

The visit at Esterházy passed all too quickly. A ceaseless succession of entertainments delighted the visitors, and at a magnificent concert held on the last evening of Count Rosenkrantz’s stay, Rudolf, through the *kapellmeister’s* friendly offices, took a part in the performance of one of Haydn’s own symphonies.

‘Who is that young violinist with the dark eyes?’ inquired Baron Schwarz, one of Prince Esterházy’s guests, who had a castle near Salzburg. ‘It seems to me I know his face.’ There was some difficulty in providing the questioner with an answer; but he was



at last informed of Rudolf's parentage, and the circumstances under which he had come to Count Rosenkrantz as domestic musician.

'Then I have heard all about this young fellow. I know his grandfather,' cried the baron, at the risk of interrupting the symphony. 'An obstinate old Turk enough; but he shall be told that his grandson is in service and looking like a ghost. If he thinks to force him into submission, he had better be quick, for it strikes me that the lad is not long for this world.'

When the performance was ended, Baron Schwarz went up to Rudolf, and after a word or two of introduction observed abruptly,—

'I shall see the Herr Grandpapa soon, young sir, and shall try and soften his obdurate heart.'

The young musician's cheeks flamed suddenly.

'I thank your excellency for the kind intention,' he replied; 'but I ask no pity from my grandfather. I am away from him by my own choice, and I would not return, save on certain conditions.'

'Heyday!' exclaimed the baron, with a comical look of surprise. 'What, playing the tame domestic musician is to your taste, then?'

'No, it is not,' rejoined Rudolf proudly; 'but it is less to my taste to hear music reviled and my mother's memory insulted.'

He turned away, too passionately wrought upon for the moment to endure further speech, and quickly stepped into the darkness from the brilliant concert-hall. Meanwhile a little group of visitors had gathered round and listened with curiosity to the brief scene. Amongst them, unfortunately, was Count



Rosenkrantz, whose brows had become black as thunder as he heard Rudolf's speech. The young man had not seen his patron, but it had infuriated the count to be thus publicly informed that his dependant did not like the post. He considered it a huge favour to take an obscure, nameless young man into his employment. Rudolf, it seemed, was by no means sensible of the honour done him, and the proud reserved Count was exasperated by the jocose observations of one and another of his fellow-guests.

'Do not try to harness Pegasus to your wagon, count; it will never answer,' advised one of the younger men.

'Your first violin does not appreciate his advantages,' laughed another.

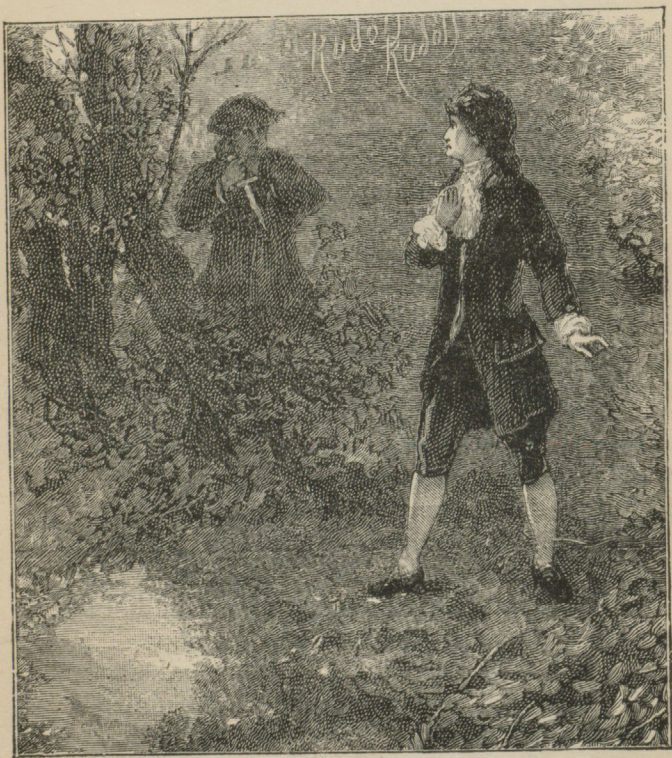
'I shall know how to replace my first violin,' said the count haughtily, and jests were at an end.

Meanwhile Rudolf sought the calm of the spring night, which, bareheaded and in gala dress as he was, brought to him a chill from the lake lying not far away. He had been intensely thrilled by the symphony in which he had taken part, and upon his excitement had come this reminder of his grandfather's harshness, causing him to speak with unnecessary vehemence. As he moved rapidly between the bushes there was a stir amongst them, caused by no night breeze, and the eyes of an enemy looked forth on his shadowy form, while a crafty step stole after him.

Bertini, the 'second violin'—for it was he—had been maddened by jealousy at the selection of Rudolf to play in this symphony. Haydn's words of praise to Rudolf and criticism to the others had previously



set the revengeful Italian's blood on fire. He had hated Rudolf since he entered Count Rosenkrantz's service. The 'Salzburger' had been placed over his head, and on this visit to Esterház fresh insults had



followed. To-night the culminating affront had taken place.

The fierce, stealthy Southerner knew but one method of revenge. With his hand on his stiletto he



crept after Rudolf along the shadowy paths. In that moment of thirst for vengeance he cared little for the risk of detection ; but he believed he could baffle suspicion ; only let him remove this rival from out of his way !

Bertini's step was cat-like and his form was supple. He gained on Rudolf noiselessly, swiftly. Another moment, and he would strike at him from behind. The stiletto was sharp, and the murderer knew where to direct his blow so that scarcely another should be needed to complete the work.

'Rudolf ! Rudolf !'

Strange hallucination ! the words in Elsa's voice rang suddenly in Rudolf's ears as if from afar, rousing him from the tumult of thought, and forcing him to stop short and turn abruptly round to see whence the voice proceeded. In tones of agonised distress had come the call.

No Elsa was there ; but Rudolf found himself face to face with his creeping enemy, and in the moonlight he caught the gleam of steel.

'Coward !' was all the lad could exclaim ; for in another moment the Italian, springing upon him, had seized him in a deadly embrace. It would have been Rudolf's last hour, but that, with presence of mind, he gripped the wrist that held the dagger, and fought with the courage and strength that desperation gives to the weak.

It was a fierce struggle, and for some seconds the result was doubtful ; but at last Bertini, finding that he could not use his stiletto, and fearing, with innate cowardice, that it might be turned against himself, suddenly flung it from him with all his might into a



piece of ornamental water lying near, where it sunk with a splash. Then he shrieked loudly for help.

The servants of Prince Esterhazy rushing up, were aghast to see one man prostrate on the path, the other with knee planted on his chest, both pale and wild of aspect.

'Take the Salzburger away!' gasped Bertini. 'He will murder me!'

Rudolf found himself collared without more ado, and marched off to an ornamental 'hermitage' that was conveniently near, while his captors assailed him with reproaches.

'To disturb the peace of the prince's guests! Two servants fighting and quarrelling! Never was heard the like!'

'Why, the fellow was going to stab me!' cried Rudolf, amazed at the turn affairs were taking.

'To stab you! A likely story, forsooth. He had no dagger.'

'Search in yonder piece of water, and you will find it,' responded Rudolf; but he was too faint and weary to say more, and was soon lying exhausted on the cold floor of the hermitage, one of the artificial grottoes in which the garden abounded, and which, very picturesque to look at, were most uncomfortable as a resting-place for the night. This hermitage was barricaded in an impromptu fashion, and Rudolf was shut in while Bertini made good his story. Rudolf, he said, had attacked him in an unprovoked manner, snatched away his stiletto, flung it into the water, and laid him prostrate on the path.

The situation in which the two men were found gave colour to the story, and the excited condition in



which Rudolf had left the concert-hall added a tinge of probability. When in the morning the incensed count visited his captive musician, Rudolf's story of Bertini creeping behind him with a drawn stiletto sounded a ridiculous fabrication.

'Bertini first tried to stab you, and then flung away the stiletto himself, say you? A likely story indeed. You have disgraced me in the prince's estimation for ever with your tavern brawls in the very hearing of his noble guests.'

'As I drink no wine, your excellency can scarcely call it a "tavern brawl" so far as I am concerned.'

'Peace, fellow!' cried the count. 'We quit Esterházy to-day. It would serve you rightly were I to dismiss you here and now; but you shall return with me to Perlensee, and then you quit me at once.'

'As your excellency pleases,' retorted Rudolf. 'I shall without regret leave a service where I am classed with cooks and valets, and attacked unawares by cowards in the dark.'

The proud, indignant tone made the count pause. Was he committing an injustice? The lad's face wore an aspect of truth; and how ill he looked! A terrible fit of coughing shook him, and he turned away his face after uttering the last defiant sentence.

Count Rosenkrantz was not a cruel man, only narrow and arrogant, and with the usual prejudices of his class. At the moment he wished Rudolf had not been shut up for some hours in the cold, damp hermitage, without bed or covering. Then came the thought—he was but a servant, after all. Still, it was in a gentler voice that he bade him prepare for departure.



Bertini was slyly exultant when he heard Rudolf was to leave the count's service. His end had been gained, and he had not a murder on his conscience. Perhaps, after all, this was as well, now the transport of rage was past! So he made no further attempts at assassination on the homeward journey, and the young musician was feeling too ill with the reaction from the shock and the effects of his lonely imprisonment on the cold spring night greatly to care what became of him.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

**E**LSA started gladly up from a fallen tree trunk to greet Rudolf as, the morning after his return, he came slowly down the hill path from the castle. She had been already watching for some time on the chance of seeing him, but had scarcely expected it would be so soon.

‘Oh, how rejoiced I am to know that thou art safe! The other night I had the most terrible dream. Yet I cannot call it a dream, for I saw nothing distinctly. I only knew that some horrible danger was creeping after thee, and thou wast unaware. I called “Rudolf! Rudolf!” with all my might, and the effort woke me. But I could not shake off the impression.’

‘What night was it?’

‘Thursday last.’

‘That is strange,’ said Rudolf, ‘for I heard thee, Elsa, and it saved me from death.’

His sister trembled, and listened with awestruck interest to his story. They marvelled, as others have done before and since, at the wonderful coincidence, if coincidence it can be called, that brings two minds into connection at moments of supreme importance. Like others, they vainly sought to unveil the mystery; but even this subject could not entirely engross Elsa’s attention. The hectic flush on Rudolf’s cheek, the unnatural brightness of his gaze, the difficulty with



which he spoke, were not lost upon her, and she noticed that he appeared to be in pain, and trembled as he walked.

‘That cruel night in the cold—the shock—they have made thee ill, my darling! Would it not be better to leave the count at once?’

‘I am coming to that,’ said Rudolf faintly. ‘I have left him, Elsa. I think I must be worth little in the world, for I prosper nowhere. But just now I want rest; only let me lie down somewhere out of the way.’

The fears of the anxious little sister were proved to be only too well-founded. Rudolf was ill with inflammation of the lungs, and by nightfall he was delirious. On Elsa’s poor mattress in the loft he lay, calling at times for his violin, trying to sing a scrap of melody, talking with Wolfgang Mozart, or perhaps with his new friend, Haydn, whom Elsa did not know.

Anon, he would revert to the scenes of his childhood, and speak to his mother tenderly; then he would pour forth utterances of wild adoration to some one whom he called princess, and who, the watcher thought with wonder, must surely be the illustrious Marie Antoinette. Oh, weary, heart-breaking task, to listen to the incoherent brain-wanderings of one tenderly loved! It was not wonderful that poor Elsa’s courage seemed wellnigh spent, and yet for his sake she knew that she must never give way.

The Sterns, husband and wife, were kindness itself, and Rudolf’s little stock of money, the instalment of his salary up to date, would suffice for a time. But how Elsa longed for a friend to lean upon, a wise



word of counsel or of sympathy! She was but nineteen, yet it seemed to her that into the months since they had left Castle Höhenfels the experience of a lifetime was compressed.

Sometimes she thought she would send for Aunt Lucinda. But, though she longed for her tender kindness, she shrank from the loud exclamations of dismay, pity, and consternation, and the 'fussiness,' which would be instantly introduced upon the scene with such a visitor. The village apothecary ordered perfect quiet for the patient, and Elsa knew that the appearance of a relative from Castle Höhenfels would have a very exciting effect. So she strove to bear the burden of responsibility herself, poor child, watching, her eyes aching with unshed tears, all night long and scarcely snatching an hour of sleep in the day, when Rudolf lay dozing. The doctor spoke kindly, and bid her hope for the best; but it was not wonderful that her heart sank low, low down, even sometimes as low as to the grave.

One afternoon as she sat beside the bed in the scantily furnished loft, with the small window flung wide open to woo the breath of spring, moistening the burning forehead and parched lips, and feeling as if her heart would break, she heard a confused murmur below, and a step hastily ascending the ladder-stair. Turning with a finger on her lip to still Frau Stern's untutored zeal of entry, she saw that something had happened. With eyes bright and a joyful smile, the woman bade Elsa descend—a visitor was asking for her.

Perhaps the count had come at length to offer tardy kindness to his poor 'domestic musician.' Elsa left



her patient in the hostess's charge, crept wearily down the stairs, and, entering the room that did duty for kitchen and sitting-room, started back in astonishment. The next moment she uttered a joyful little cry, and ran straight into Paul Engelhardt's arms.

No thought of her former refusal, her doubts and difficulties, entered her head for a moment ; nor did she speculate on the shock of delight such a greeting would give to him after the distant terms on which they had parted. She only felt like a bird that flies straight home to its nest, secure of safety, comfort, and peace. And Paul Engelhardt knew, with unspeakable gladness, that his wife was won.

'Why didst thou not write to me, Elsa?' he asked reproachfully, when some minutes had passed in mutual half explanations and complete satisfaction. 'I could not come before, for I was compelled to arrange my poor father's affairs, but I wrote over and over again to Vienna.'

'Ah, we have left Vienna,' replied Elsa.

'But before then? I have not seen thee for nearly five months; yet I wrote repeatedly, and have only had two brief letters.'

The truth was that Elsa could not bear to write and confess need, which would infallibly bring a gift of money from the man who had asked her love. Rudolf had been too dreamily absorbed in music to enter into correspondence, and had left it to her, with this result. She confessed it at length to her lover.

'Unless I could give you all, I would not take help from you,' she said, hiding her face; 'though if it had really come to Rudolf's being in want, I should have written. And I did the other day send you word of



his illness, but you must have started before the letter arrived.'

'Yes, I had. It is terrible to me to think of what you must have suffered.' Paul was distressed more than he could say to mark the alteration in Elsa—her white, thin face, worn with watching, and eyes hollow with anxiety. He proceeded, however, to take practical steps at once for her relief, declaring that he should instal himself in her place as attendant on Rudolf, and taking possession for her sake of the room usually occupied by Frau Stern's children. A few words with the good hostess arranged that this chamber should henceforth be given up to Elsa, while temporary quarters were found for her little girls.

'Willingly would I have done it before, but the fräulein would never leave her brother,' explained the good woman anxiously.

'She will leave him with me,' said Paul.

At first Elsa demurred to this arrangement, but she soon could not help admitting that Paul was as good a nurse as herself. The invalid, though he did not at once recognise his friend, submitted to be moved by his strong arm with evident content, and was soothed by his gentle touch, taking nourishment obediently from his hand. Then Paul was inexorable. She must leave her brother at once for a long, long rest. The habit of obedience to his will had been acquired long ago, and after a faint resistance it was delicious to submit to be cared for and tended as if she were again a child. Only those who know the terrible strain of watching by the sick bed of a beloved patient can appreciate the relief that comes when the



heart-breaking responsibility is taken for awhile by another, who is recognised as being really capable to bear the burden.

From that time Rudolf began to improve. In the first gleam of consciousness he recognised Paul with feeble satisfaction, but without surprise, and accepted his services with pleasure. When a man has the gift of caring for the sick, he makes the most admirable of nurses; and Elsa gratefully recognised that her lover was even more skilful in the sick room than herself. It was a curious courtship, for one relieved the other in guard over the invalid, and they could barely snatch a minute or two together. Still, it had a sweetness that is sometimes missed in the selfish absorption of lovers who make everything, including all family comfort, bend to their persistence in always being left *tête-à-tête*.

Paul had a room in the village inn, but spent the greater part of the time in the Sterns' humble cottage. He was resolved that as soon as Rudolf could be moved, he and Elsa should be taken to a more comfortable abode, and with this view he had hunted about the neighbourhood. High above the lake there stood a ruined castle, in the sound portion of which lived a forester and his wife. The rooms in one tower, that had been left intact by time, were thoroughly weather-proof, with thick walls and great open hearths on which logs blazed merrily. And though the windows were small, the view they commanded was superb; and May was coming, in which month the inhabitants could hope to sit out of doors on the slopes, and view the prospect of lake, and hill, and woodland.



With this forester and his wife Paul arranged to receive the invalid and his sister as soon as possible. The loft with the low rafters was becoming intolerably hot in the daytime for Rudolf, and the poor living-room of the Stern family was in no way suitable for the reception of a convalescent person. Indeed, Paul could not bear the thought of his pearl, Elsa, having lain in such humble quarters. Kind as the homely couple were, the comforts and conveniences of many an English modern cottage were lacking under their roof, and life there could not but be attended with privation.

'They wanted so little money, and Frau Stern was very, very kind, and as it was a place where I could be near Rudolf, I was content,' said Elsa, in reply to his tender remonstrance.

'Well, now you must let me take you both to a new home for awhile,' said Paul; 'I have told your hostess that a change is needful for Rudolf, and she thoroughly understands it, and consents.'

Elsa made no objection. Indeed, it was so delightful to rest and have the burden of anxiety gently lifted away, or even shared by another, that she acquiesced with grateful affection in all that Paul suggested. The strain of the months at Vienna, and the few weeks at Perlensee, had told severely upon her, for Rudolf was always the dreamy artist absorbed in his work, and she the practical 'little mother,' thinking of and planning for his comfort.

So when Rudolf was strong enough to be carried in a rough litter up the mountain path, the brother and sister took their way to the quaint new abode,



accompanied by one whom the invalid began to call, with a smile, their 'Guardian Angel.'

'What should we do without you?' the lad said weakly, holding his friend's hand in his thin fingers, as they climbed. Elsa, with a gleam of recovered cheerfulness, was running hither and thither in front picking flowers.

'What should I do without *you* both?' said Paul. 'I only wished to get to you sooner, and had I known how things were, not all the lawyers in Germany should have kept me, even for a time.'

'You could have done nothing sooner,' said Rudolf. 'But now I am glad you are come.'

He paused, exhausted; then after a time, his eyes seeking the slight form of his sister on the hill before them, he murmured: 'I can see how it is with you and Elsa. You don't want to disturb me by talking of it. But I have seen more than you know. She will be your wife some day.'

Paul was greatly relieved by this remark, for he and Elsa had often discussed the advisability of breaking the news of their betrothal to Rudolf, and had only hesitated for fear of agitating him in his weak state.

'You have guessed the truth,' he replied. 'I don't suppose it was difficult to discover. I will do all in my power to make her happy, Rudolf, and I am now in a position to marry. My poor father was offended with me, as you know, for taking to literature, but he relented before he died. With the proceeds of my work and my income from his property—well, I don't want to worry you with details, only to say that we shall have a home, which you must



share. You shall have a room to work out your ideas in, old friend—the music-room. She and I often talk of it. It shall be lofty, and there shall be an organ in it: a bust of Saint Cecilia, too; then we will ask Wolfgang Mozart to come and improvise, and at night we will sit and listen by the hour together. Oh, you will become a famous musician.'

'Never!' said Rudolf, with a slow shake of the head, infinitely pathetic in its renunciation of all the delight of Life and of Art. 'And if you and Elsa marry, let it be before very long. I should like to see her safe in your care before I say good-bye.'

'What words are these?' cried Paul, astounded. 'You are getting better; gaining strength daily. You are tired with your journey, and it makes you fanciful, my boy. Do these peasants carry you properly? Perhaps they jar you. Let us rest by the path a little.'

'They carry me with perfect ease, and I am not tired nor fanciful,' replied Rudolf, with sad tranquillity. 'I shall recover from this illness, but my life will not be long. It is a question of time. Sometimes I deceive myself, but not always. Now we won't talk of it further; but remember what I have said.'

Paul knew the ominous fact that Rudolf's mother had died from consumption, and had marked with uneasiness his pupil's delicate appearance both as child and man; yet he was undoubtedly recovering from the attack of pneumonia as quickly as could reasonably be expected, and no thought of a darker shadow behind had come across the elder man's satisfaction. He felt disturbed and distressed, but



took refuge in the hope that these were of the host of invalid fancies, soon to be blown away by mountain air.

The brother and sister were delighted with their new retreat, and the kindness with which every want had been forestalled by their 'Guardian Angel.' Paul came up daily to see them, and the weather soon became balmy enough for Rudolf to lie out of doors, and let his eye rove over hill and lake with the pleasure of a true lover of Nature. So there were many happy spring days spent by the trio on the mountain side.

'Who are these coming?' inquired Paul one day, as the friends descried two elegantly-dressed gentlemen toiling laboriously towards the old castle, looking extremely out of place on the rough path.

'One of them is Count Rosenkrantz,' replied Rudolf, with a faint flush on his cheek.

'Wretch!' exclaimed Elsa. 'I should like to tell him what I think of his cruel behaviour to you.'

'Wait and see what he has to say,' advised Paul. 'He would scarcely come up here unless his intentions were kind.'

This proved a true saying. The count approached the little group upon the turf with evident constraint, expressed much regret at seeing Rudolf so thin and altered, hummed and hawed, and finally begged leave to introduce his friend—an illustrious physician from Vienna, on a visit to the count's country seat.

'I thought it would be a satisfaction to yourself and to your good sister, of whom rumour has informed me, if my friend Dr. Krönheim were to examine and pronounce upon your state,' he observed.



'He is one of the greatest living authorities on delicacy of the chest, and I am aware that the village apothecary, though well-intentioned, is not erudite.'

The offer was made in a confused sense of tendering reparation, for, though the count never knew the truth of the adventure at Esterház, doubts of Bertini's complete straightforwardness were gaining on him day by day. It was accepted; and Paul, the great doctor, and Rudolf, went into the old castle together, while the count formally endeavoured to make his peace with Elsa—no easy task, as he found to his astonishment and chagrin.

It is easy for a pure-souled woman to forgive those who have done her wrong, but very hard for her to forgive an injury inflicted on one she loves!

The examination lasted a long time, and the great doctor looked grave when he came out from the castle. Elsa had by this time controlled herself so far as to recognise the count's evident wish to make amends, and hastened to set refreshments before her distinguished guests; while Paul, within Rudolf's room, laid an arm affectionately across the young man's shoulder.

'Don't trouble about it, Engelhardt,' said the poor fellow; 'it is no surprise to me. I knew it, and I told you so.'

'These great doctors are not always right. And he says, though there is great reason for anxiety, care may do much,' hesitated Paul.

'It won't cure this mischief,' sighed Rudolf. 'But it is something to know that I can last for some months. I fain would have lived to do more in music; it is hard to give up all one's hopes and



aspirations. Music was the only thing I was fit for. I have never succeeded in earning money, never been really successful in taking care of poor Elsa. I looked forward through it all to a time when I should be able to realize something of my own ideal. But yet I go to a world—where—I hope, I trust—I shall not lose everything I loved below.'

'He who gave you the talent will not suffer it to be lost,' said Paul firmly. 'We don't know much about the other life; but yet I think I could promise you, Rudolf, that you shall have music there!'



## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

‘IT was thought better you should know all, dear Elsa,’ Paul Engelhardt said, on the morning after the great doctor’s visit, ‘though I cannot bear to tell you.’

The girl shook her head, and two melancholy tears coursed down her cheeks.

‘I knew it—I have known it long,’ she murmured ; ‘but I fought with it. I would not believe it.’

It was well that the poor child had so strong and faithful a comforter by her side. And Rudolf himself, strange to say, now that all suspense was over, and no concealment of any kind existed between the brother and sister, recovered a measure of vivacity and gentle brightness. The crushing weight of anxiety was gone ; he was with those whom he loved in fair scenery and the balmy air of spring, and the decree that had gone forth of his doom by hereditary consumption might perhaps be stayed in its execution. He seemed to grow stronger every day, and many hours of real happiness were spent by the three upon the hillside. Count Rosenkrantz showed himself anxious to do what he could for his discarded servant, and was evidently remorseful for the past.

‘The end would have been the same,’ said Rudolf,



in answer to Elsa's indignant words. 'The night at Esterház made very little difference in reality.'

The count actually caused a clavichord from his own mansion to be carried up the hill for Rudolf's use. Great was the amazement of the forester and his wife when the instrument arrived, borne in parts, and by many stalwart men. But it was safely put together, and a flush of pleasure came into the musician's pale cheeks when he touched the keys once more.

On the next day Rudolf asked for pencil and paper, and was busy writing a score for some time.

'I have a new idea,' he said, in response to Paul Engelhardt's inquiries. 'I am trying to set a Psalm to music.'

'Which Psalm?'

'The twenty-third. It came to me while I lay recovering from my illness. "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."'

'It was true. I did not trust Him, but I have lacked nothing.'

From that time Rudolf found his chief delight in his new composition. He was a lad of religious principle, though trained in the unemotional school of his grandfather's Lutheranism. Of late, however, his faith seemed to have gained fresh life and power. He was extremely reserved, but would now and again speak of his trust for pardon and for peace in the Redeemer of the world.

Elsa listened with intense sympathy. Religion had gradually become a new thing to her within the past year. She realized the Fatherhood that never ceases to surround earthly orphanhood with its care,



and, penitent for her wandering heart in the past, she clung with fervour to her God and Saviour.

Thus, in spite of the solemn shadow over their future, it was well with both Rudolf and with Elsa. The young musician, when he was able, would spend many a peaceful hour over his new work, which promised to be of a peculiarly sweet and chastened beauty. The Psalm opened by a four-part chorus for female voices, exquisitely melodious.

*'Der Herr ist mein Hirte; mir wird nichts mangeln.'*

The quaint Teutonic words may not seem adapted for musical rendering, but they were without difficulty woven into Rudolf's strains.

Paul Engelhardt was delighted with the composition, although he could not help at times wondering, if Rudolf would ever live to finish it. The words of the dying Socrates came into his mind :—

'Will you not allow that I have as much of the spirit of prophecy in me as the swans? For they, when they perceive that they must die, having sung all their life long, do then sing more than ever, rejoicing in the thought that they are about to go away to the God whose ministers they are.'

And Paul thought the beautiful Greek fable of old might be applied to the boy he loved.

One evening, when Engelhardt returned to his lodging at the village inn, he found the usually quiet courtyard all astir. There seemed more servants racing hither and thither than he had yet observed in the hostelry, and orders were being shouted in an excited manner from one to another. The cause of all this commotion was seen in a large travelling



carriage that stood in the courtyard; the steaming horses were being led away by the ostler, and the landlord was obsequiously hurrying to receive the directions of the new-comers.

'The newly-arrived Herr seems of an irascible disposition,' observed one of the servants confidentially to Paul; 'one must hope he is free with his money to make up for it.'

Feeling little interested just then in the idiosyncrasies of any travelling strangers, and absorbed in the thought of his two *protégés*, Paul returned an indifferent answer to the rustic servant, and passed into the house. As he went by the open door of the state apartment he could not help observing the figures of a well-dressed man and woman within, and in another moment the lady had rushed forth with a loud exclamation.

'What is it now, Lucinda?' shouted a well-known voice, in angry tones.

'Father! here is Herr Engelhardt!'

'What? What?' and in another moment Herr von Eberstein had brushed past the startled landlord and seized upon Paul in the passage.

'Where is my boy, sir? Give me my boy! What are you doing here? Where is he?'

'Oh, Herr Engelhardt, in pity tell us! How is Rudolf? Where is he? Where is Elsa?'

To this confused interrogatory Paul replied as well as he could, noting with a feeling that would have been amusement but for the sorrow and pity that entered into it, Herr von Eberstein's infuriated tone and aspect towards himself. He appeared to imagine, now that Paul had appeared on the scene, he



must be concealing Rudolf and Elsa for motives of his own.

‘Come and have supper with us if—as you say—we really cannot see them to-night,’ softly suggested Lucinda, when the questions had been answered. ‘Father is perturbed, but he will be glad to speak with you; and be patient with him, for he is in great sorrow.’

‘So he ought to be,’ thought Paul, but he consented, and was ere long seated at the table with Herr von Eberstein and his daughter.

‘A neighbour of ours, Baron Schwarz, brought us word he had seen Rudolf at Esterházy, in the service of a Count Rosenkrantz; that is how we came to hear of him,’ said Lucinda. ‘The baron told us all about some disturbance there, in which Rudolf seems to have been cruelly used, and he brought a poor report of his looks, and said he coughed a good deal and was thin——’

The tender-hearted woman burst into tears.

‘Domestic musician, indeed!’ growled Von Eberstein. ‘What did he mean by accepting such a post? Answer me that, sir! A pretty thing for a Von Eberstein—my grandson, and the son of a colonel—to go and associate with cooks and varlets to twang on a fiddle! What did the silly lad mean by degrading himself in such a manner?’

‘Your grandson took the post to get bread for himself and his sister,’ replied Paul. ‘As he thought he could not earn enough to support them in any other way, he could do nothing else.’

The old man heaved an impatient groan.

‘And now, you say, he has been ill?’



'Very ill,' replied Paul gravely.

'Ah, well, only a little boyish imprudence, I dare say. He will be all right again soon?'

Anxiety, which the old man vainly strove to dissemble, appeared in the tone of this question, and the look with which it was accompanied.

Paul hesitated. Dr. Krönheim's verdict would, sooner or later, have to be made known, and it was mistaken kindness to conceal the truth.

'I am deeply sorry to tell you that the celebrated Viennese physician, Krönheim, brought by Count Rosenkrantz, made an examination the other day of your grandson, and his report is most unfavourable.'

'Go on,' groaned Von Eberstein.

'Rudolf's lungs are incurably affected. He will grow a little better as the summer comes on, and may live for some months, but he can scarcely survive another winter.'

There was a silence, during which the old man's face worked as if he would have spoken. Then he abruptly rose and left the room.

'Father will be in sad trouble,' said the weeping Lucinda, who found it a great relief to pour forth her confidence to Paul. 'We have had a terrible time since the children went. At first he was angry and furious, especially at Elsa's escape, and forbade me to mention the name of either of them. Then he grew restless and silent, and was evidently expecting every day that some word or sign of submission would come. Whenever letters arrived, I could see he was in a state of great excitement, and as time went by and no news came from either Rudolf or Elsa, it was plain that a great struggle was going on in his mind. I am



sure he would have relented much earlier than he did, only we saw by chance, in a Viennese paper, that Rudolf had played at the house of Prince Kaunitz. This made father suppose Rudolf would get plenty of money, and also made him terribly angry at what he called the "degradation" of it. I think he looked on it as though Rudolf had performed rope-dancing or some fantastic tricks to divert an audience! But I was—oh, so wretched! I wanted to go to Vienna and see after them, but I could scarcely leave father alone, and he would not hear of my going.

'At last our neighbour, Baron Schwarz, came to tell us about having seen Rudolf playing in the orchestra at Prince Nicolaus Esterhazy's palace, and spoke of his thin, delicate look, and his rough treatment. This was a great shock to father, who had thought of him only as earning money by what he called his "fiddling nonsense."

'The end of it was we found out Count Rosenkrantz's address, and came here as fast as relays of horses would bring us. Alas! alas! too late!'

Paul tried to soothe the kind-hearted woman by telling her it was not too late for Rudolf and Elsa to be made very happy by their presence, and he then explained his own position on the scene, which neither father nor daughter had been able to understand. When he spoke of his hopes with regard to Elsa, Lucinda smiled through her tears, and told him she had seen it long ago. In her he would evidently have a staunch ally.

The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Herr von Eberstein in travelling costume at the door.



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ALL WAS NOT SADNESS IN THAT MEETING.



'You are not going out to-night, father!' exclaimed Lucinda.

'Yes, I am,' returned Von Eberstein hoarsely. 'I am going up to see that jackanapes of a count, and to ask him to his face how he dared to keep my poor boy as a lackey, and to leave him shut up all night in an ice-house, because of some wretched brawl with an Italian fellow? I heard of it from Baron Schwarz. But he shall pay for it!'

The old man was trembling with passion and excitement, and it required all the skill of Paul and Lucinda to persuade him to give up his errand. They argued, soothed, and finally got him to consent to wait till after he had seen Rudolf.

Early the next morning father and daughter, guided by Paul, were ascending the hillside towards the ancient castle. When they drew near, Paul hurried on, to prepare the brother and sister for the unexpected arrival, and it was with calmness and a smile that Rudolf greeted his grandfather. After the solemn experiences of the past few weeks, this event, that formerly would have been so startling, came almost naturally; and Elsa rejoiced to feel once more the tenderness of a woman's embrace.

Rudolf's changed appearance struck Von Eberstein painfully, and as he took the wasted hand, the old man turned away his head to hide a tear. How bitterly he repented of his pride and harshness!

But all was not sadness in that meeting. Lucinda had told her father of Paul's wish to marry Elsa, and before Engelhardt could say a word, the old man had interrupted him with—

'I know. You shall have her. I will make one of



my poor Conrad's children happy, if I *have* half-murdered the other. Let the wedding be when you and she please.'

So it came to pass that, as they all sat together on the grass slopes and looked over the tranquil expanse of the lake, a wonderful and delightful journey was planned among the five. Von Eberstein was all anxiety to let Rudolf enjoy the balmy air and blue skies of the south. Would he not like to see Italy? The lad roused into animation; a flush mantled on his cheek, and he owned he should love to visit the land of song.

'Why, you'll be strong again if you go there!' cried the grandfather. 'No more bleak autumns and winters in the castle in the Salzburg Alps, Rudolf, my boy. We will go south. I have heard the Lake of Como is very fine. We will stay quietly up among the hills during the hot weather, and then, when the autumn sets in, we will travel gently south to Milan, Bologna, Verona, Naples, ay, even Rome. All this will do you good. It is time I travelled a little myself. Trust me, we shall be a happy party.'

Lucinda and Elsa were listening with eagerness to this tempting programme.

'And we must not leave you out, I suppose,' said Von Eberstein, turning to Engelhardt. 'Now, I tell you what I propose. This shall be Elsa's wedding trip. You shall be married with as little delay as can be, then we will all set forth on our travels together. My roomy travelling carriage holds five, and Engelhardt will like to ride occasionally. It will be a famous journey.'

The attraction of Germans to Italy is well conveyed



by the lovely song of Goethe's *Mignon*, written some years later, 'Knowest thou the land?' The words might well have been uttered by Rudolf, for the prospect gave him fresh animation, and delighted each member of the little company. Especially did Paul and Elsa, who saw in it the speedy realization of their hopes, welcome it as a bright and radiant vision. Elsa felt blither than she had done for many months, and began to hope that after all the great doctor might be mistaken, and Rudolf would be restored to health by this wonderful trip to Italy.

'Why, Wolfgang is there! We shall see him!' exclaimed she, with renewed ardour.

'Wolfgang Mozart? Aye, aye,' said her grandfather, without any apparent hostility. 'We at Salzburg have heard grand tidings of his doings in Italy. He made a sensation at Rome in Holy Week. What did he do, Lucinda? Tell your nephew. I don't recollect.'

'He went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the *Miserere*, composed by—Allegri—I think the name was.'

'I know, I know,' said Rudolf eagerly. 'It is a four and five part chorus alternately, with a final chorus in nine parts. It is thought one of the most wonderful performances in Rome —'

'Members of the chapel are forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to take their parts away or to copy it, or let any one else do so,' Paul chimed in, 'so jealously is it guarded.'

'Well, then,' said Lucinda, pleased at having such an announcement to make, 'young Mozart went to the Sistine Chapel on Wednesday in Holy Week to hear it, and wrote it all down from memory afterwards!'



'Impossible!' cried Paul.

'He corrected one or two passages during the repetition on Good Friday, but that was all. It made a great sensation.'

'Were not people angry?' inquired Elsa.

'Not at all. The pope himself knows it, we hear, and all the principal persons in Rome have taken Wolfgang by the hand.'

'It is a wonderful feat of ear and memory,' said Paul.

As for Rudolf, he lay still and said nothing. His eyes had a misty look in them, and the affectionate little sister divined that he was thinking of his beloved art, and striving to school himself to the recognition of the bitter truth that not for him was the upward path trodden by his friend.

Von Eberstein grumbled a little under his breath, '*Miserere* indeed! Why can't they call it the fifty-first Psalm?' and something additional about the pope; but on the whole he was wonderfully kind and gracious. It was a happy time that they all spent together, and when they separated that evening the wedding day of Paul and Elsa was fixed for an early date. Then the journey to the land of myrtle and orange, of blue skies and bluer lakes, of art and of song, was to follow. As Elsa laid her head upon her pillow that night, she was happier than a few weeks ago she could have expected ever to be again.

Hope is mighty when one is young, and she could not believe that the shadow of death rested where all seemed so fair and bright.



## CHAPTER XX.

'TO WHERE, BEYOND THESE VOICES, THERE IS PEACE.'

IN after years Elsa remembered that journey south as one of the strangest combinations of exquisite joy and intense pain that her imagination could conceive. The party set forth as soon as Rudolf was well enough to travel. At the nearest town they halted awhile until the simple wedding ceremony that united the two lovers could be performed ; then they made their way, by slow and easy stages, to the shores of Lake Como. In the woods of olive and myrtle that rise from its brink the young wife and her husband spent many days that seemed like Elysium. The warmth and brightness delighted Rudolf, though he grew no stronger under the Italian skies. It was a paradise on earth, and it was hard to realize that the trail of the serpent lay even here.

Herr von Eberstein would have given half his fortune to call back health to the cheeks of his grandson. He bitterly repented the harshness that drove him from home. Nay, the reports of the distinction won by Mozart had insensibly modified the old man's feeling towards the despised art. If music could produce such an effect at Rome, causing all the rich and great to rush to lay honours at the feet of a boy of fourteen, it could not, after all, be the vagabond trifling Von Eberstein had supposed. Why, the news came that Wolfgang, in a private audience with



the pope, had been ennobled by the order of the Golden Spur, and was entitled to sign himself Signor Cavaliere Amadeo ! Things were somehow turning topsy-turvey in the worthy grandfather's eyes.

The summer was spent in the lovely villa on the banks of Como—a summer of which there is little to relate. To Elsa the delight of having Paul Engelhardt always with her as her guide, protector, and husband was something as near perfect happiness as she could imagine ; but, on the other hand, the faithful sister could not help seeing that, in spite of the benign influence of southern air, Rudolf's strength was rapidly declining. He was peaceful, and did not suffer, save from weakness and weariness. With this she strove to comfort her aching heart.

The invalid was anxious, in spite of his failing strength, to move southward. As soon as the intense heat of summer was over, the party started for Milan, and entered the city early in October.

Here Rudolf was expecting to meet Wolfgang Mozart ; but he and his father had not yet arrived. Meanwhile Paul took Elsa for a short while daily to see the sights of the wonderful city. His knowledge of the past enabled him to give life and reality to its scenes, and Elsa saw again the Emperor Constantine proclaiming in A.D. 312 the victory of Christianity over Paganism, dwelt on the history of Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, some of whose Latin hymns she knew, and pictured to herself the faithful Monica rejoicing 'after many days' over the conversion of her son Augustine.

'This is an interesting way to learn history,' said she, as they passed along the streets together. 'I



remember well how, when I declared to you that I did not like history, long, long ago, you told me it was because I had never grasped that it dealt with real men and women and children, and consisted of stories about them.'

'Long, long ago!' repeated Paul, with a smile. 'Why, my Elsa, you speak like an old woman.'

'I feel old in experience sometimes,' said Elsa musingly. 'There have been such strange and sudden changes in my life. And I feel as if I were standing by, and looking at a drama enacted by some one else just now.'

She sighed, and Paul pressed her hand in quiet sympathy, for he knew she was thinking of Rudolf.

'Do you really think he is much worse?' came the next question.

'I am afraid he is,' replied her husband reluctantly. 'He is certainly very weak.'

'Yes, he lies all day, and scarcely seems able to rouse himself to move about at all. Then the fainting fits terrify me.'

Paul was silent. He had been warned that Rudolf might possibly die quite suddenly in one of the swoons that had become more frequent of late.

'But,' resumed Elsa, 'I am hoping great things from Wolfgang's arrival. That may cheer him and give him more energy. The summer has certainly been very sultry, and the journey has wearied him.'

There was no opportunity for further conversation just then, for they arrived at the courtyard of a convent, and were admitted by a very aged monk, who escorted them across its silent precincts to a small door. Entering, they found themselves in a hall,



which served as a refectory. All was silent and deserted; but lo! at the end of the hall yonder, opposite the table of the prior, gloomed a dim vision of unearthly beauty. Painted upon the wall itself, there appeared the 'Last Supper,' by Leonardo da Vinci.

Damp, decay, and the smoke from the kitchen hard by, had already done much to obliterate the colouring of this noble work. The figures, one and a-half times the size of life, were congregated behind the table, covered by the quaintly modern table-cloth, which, with the vessels upon it, corresponded to those in use at the monastery. The idea of the artist in this method of execution was that Christ was taking His last supper in the company of the Dominican monks who gathered in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie.

In reverent silence Paul and Elsa gazed upon the world-famed picture, full of life, though the hand that painted it had for two and a half centuries been cold in death. There were the apostles, each to be known by characteristics visible in the face, hands, and attitude; and there in the midst was He who was calm and benignant—

'Even at that last sad supper with His own' while a traitor crouched upon the board.

Solemn and impressive was the sight, and both husband and wife gazed in reverent awe. The old monk broke the silence.

'I have seen,' said he, 'generation after generation of brethren take their places at the table here, and then pass away; but amid all those changes the figures upon the wall there have looked down upon



us unchanged ; so I have come to feel that they are the reality, and that we are but shadows.'

'There is a wonderful truth in that utterance,' said Paul to his young wife, when they again trod the streets of Milan. 'We pass along the stage of life and vanish ; but there are truths and hopes to cheer mortality which remain unchanged in spite of all the transitory scene. Try to realize it ; and let the beauty of that Divine Face, with its endless compassion, comfort you.'

It was not often he spoke in this strain, but he knew too well that trouble was near for the poor little sister.

When Elsa arrived at home Rudolf was worse, and, though Aunt Lucinda was an assiduous and tender nurse, the anxious sister blamed herself for leaving him. He was paler than usual, and had repeatedly complained of feeling faint that morning. Restoratives, however, soon revived him, and he asked for his violin. Though he had scarcely strength to use the bow, he liked to have it near, and at times he would pass his fingers over its smooth-veined surface,—

'As lovingly  
As a blind man that fingers o'er a face  
Long known, but half forgot.'

Then he asked for the manuscript sheets of his unfinished Psalm.

Elsa noticed as he turned them over he heaved a bitter, bitter sigh.

'What is it, dearest ?' she anxiously inquired.

'It will never be finished,' said Rudolf ; 'and I should like to have left it behind —'



He could not go on, and a tear rolled slowly down his wasted cheek.

'Here is the four-part chorus, to begin with ; that is sweet and beautiful, I know,' said Elsa caressingly ; 'and the tenor solo, "He restoreth my soul." These are complete in themselves, dear Rudolf. But you will finish the whole work gradually.'

'I want to complete "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." It is an alto strain. I have it. Help me, Elsa, and call Paul Engelhardt.'

Elsa dared not resist his fancy, and obeyed with an aching heart. Supported by his pillows, the young musician in turn dictated, and bade his friend try the effect of one and another combination on the instrument close at hand. Paul was amazed at the pathos and beauty of this air. It seemed wrung from the composer's very soul. When the last note was written he heaved a sigh of relief.

'I shall never complete the fifth and sixth verses, but I longed to do this one,' he murmured. 'I can sleep now—thank you both.'

The valley of the shadow of death was near ; but Rudolf could say with confidence, 'Thou art with me.'

Elsa was sitting beside her brother the next morning, when Signor Mozart and 'Signor Amadeo' were announced.

'At last!' said the invalid, with a faint smile of contentment ; 'let them come in directly.'

Yes, it was indeed the Mozarts, father and son. The father was the same grave, formal, precise man



as of yore, walking with a slight touch of lameness, the result of an accident that had occurred on the journey in the previous June. Wolfgang was wonderfully bright and well; a little bronzed by travel, and with an occasional tinge of soberness manifesting itself through his high spirits. His loudly-expressed, impulsive delight at seeing his old friend again was as boyish as ever, but he was evidently touched by the alteration in Rudolf's appearance.

'You are a very famous personage now,' said the invalid to the lad of fourteen. 'Begin, and tell me all about your travels.'

'I fear,' interposed Leopold Mozart, with punctilious anxiety, 'that you will be too much fatigued by my Wolfgang's tongue, which rattles on at a great rate when he once begins.'

'No, no,' signed Rudolf impatiently, 'I shall not be wearied;' and by a common impulse Herr Mozart and Elsa rose and left the friends alone together.

With unfeigned delight the elder listened to the brilliant account of the Italian tour, which had left Wolfgang fresh and unspoiled as ever. Only at the end, after an hour had gone, Rudolf looked up at him with a pathetic expression.

'You have come to Italy to become famous,' said the poor musician, 'and I have come to Italy—to die.'

'No, no; don't say so,' protested the affectionate boy, with tears in his eyes. 'You will get strong again.'

'I shall not,' said Rudolf. 'God knows best. Only, before He takes me, I want, Wolfgang, to hear you play once more.'



'You will hear me play very many times, I assure you,' cried his friend cheerfully.

'I want to hear you play upon the organ. Do you remember? Before I left Castle Höhenfels, I heard you at Salzburg Cathedral, and it made me feel that I must live for music—and music only. That is only a year ago, but it seems very long; and now that I know I cannot live for music, and my dreaming is all over, I want to hear you once more in the cathedral of Milan.'

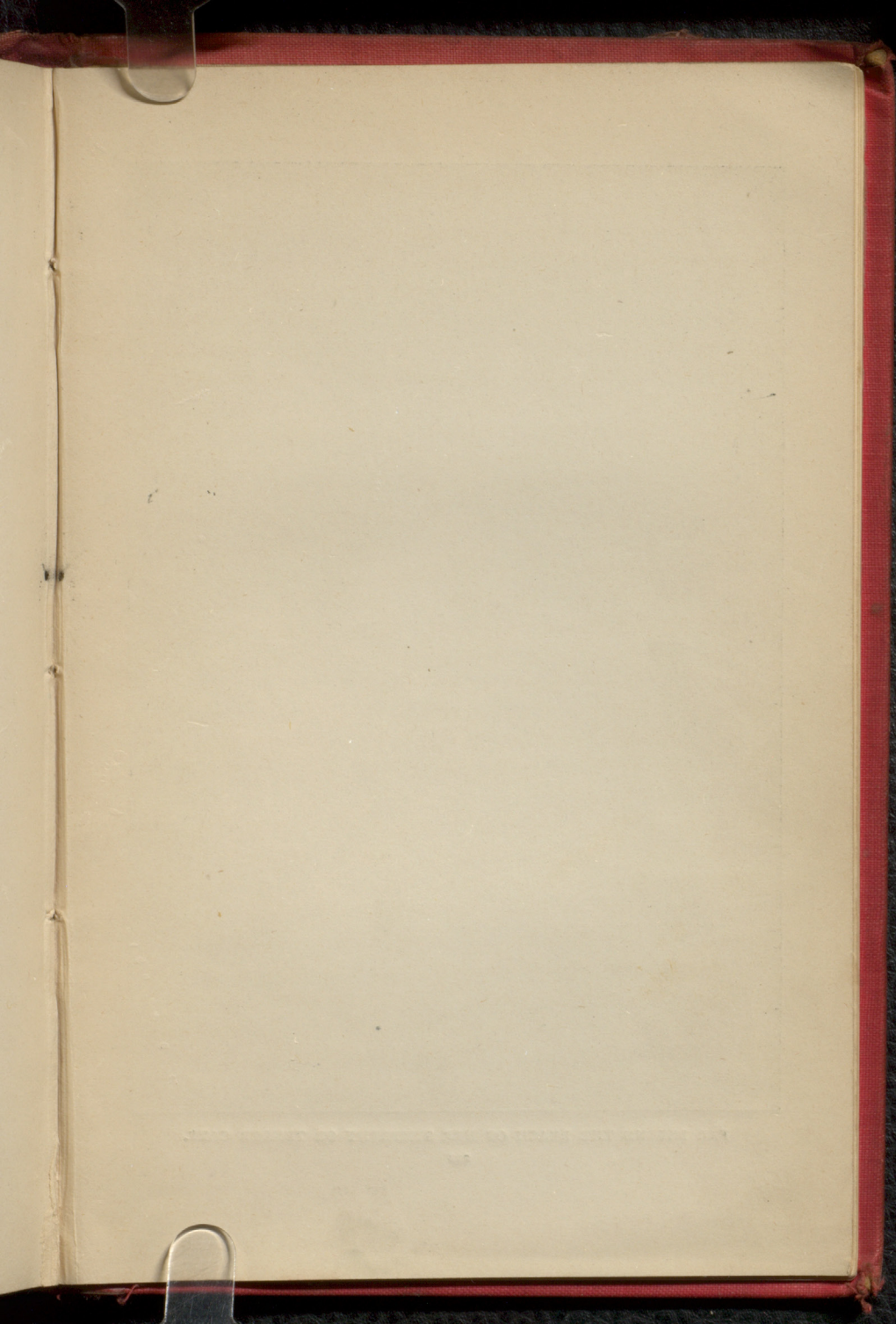
Wolfgang soothed the invalid and laughed at him, declaring, 'You shall hear all the church music I have ever composed, until you are quite tired out.' But Rudolf was very persistent in his wish. When the Mozarts had gone, he returned to the charge again and again, and it was evidently so cherished a desire that his friends yielded.

One balmy day the invalid was taken to the cathedral that darts its airy spires with bewildering beauty into the transparent air, and carried into the cool, dusk solemnity of the vast interior.

The lofty Ionian columns with their rich capitals, the majestic curve of the arches, the broad, echoing nave, with its altar in the distance, the light from stained windows falling athwart the twilight, impressed the whole party, even the staunch and unimaginative Lutheran, Von Eberstein, with a feeling of subdued reverence. A comfortable resting-place had been arranged for Rudolf, with Paul and Elsa on either side, and he waited expectantly till the tones of the organ should announce the presence of his friend.

Yes, Mozart is there! The glorious instrument









FAR BEYOND THE REACH OF HER SYMPATHY OR TENDER CARE.



knows and owns its master. Through the cathedral reverberate the majestic chords that stand like pillars of solemn harmony on the threshold of Handel's *Messiah*.

To some of the hearers this oratorio, now familiar as household words to all lovers of sacred music, was new. Rudolf closed his eyes, and lay back to revel in the unwonted delight of sound.

After the solemn chords followed a brief *fugue*, with whose tempered severity the heavenly air, 'Comfort ye my people,' contrasted exquisitely. It rang forth through the vast cathedral as though voices indeed were chanting it from heaven, and the comfort it is intended to symbolise stole on the wings of the music into Elsa's troubled heart.

In divine sweetness the Pastoral Symphony breathed through the echoing space, bringing with it hints of peace and soothing thoughts at eventide. Then came the angelic voices chanting, 'Glory to God' in myriad intercourse of melody.

Elsa glanced at her brother. Would the music weary him? No; he reclined with closed eyes and an expression of peace on his face, which a ray through the painted window touched with a radiance like that of some pictured saint. It was not Wolfgang's intention to go through the whole of the *Messiah* in the hearing of his friend, but merely to embody that which he thought Rudolf would most enjoy. The lovely theme of the Pastoral Symphony, recurring in 'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd,' fell with renewed charm and refreshing on the hearers.

But now a different strain sounds forth from the



organ, and a mighty pæan rolls through the echoing cathedral on the wings of the 'Hallelujah Chorus.' With force and majesty the massive phrase recurs again and again, as though to impress itself for ever on the hearers' mind. Then comes a strain of heavenly melody, followed by the music that proclaims—

'He shall reign for ever and ever.'

Through the nave, aisles, and arches rolled the glorious burst of sound. The rapture of joy and thanksgiving seemed too great for mortal hearts to bear. Louder and yet more loud came the shout of praise that proclaims the final triumph of good over evil. It was marvellous—majestic! for the work of the master was rendered by a master hand.

Paul was rapt in wonder and attention. Elsa heard a sudden sigh from her brother, and turned quickly towards him, just as his head sank gently against her shoulder, where it had so often rested in days of yore.

Painlessly, without a struggle, Rudolf was gone, far, far beyond the reach of her sympathy or tender care. For

'The tide of music's golden sea  
Setting towards Eternity,'

as it rolled through the vast cathedral, had borne away upon its waves a musician's soul.





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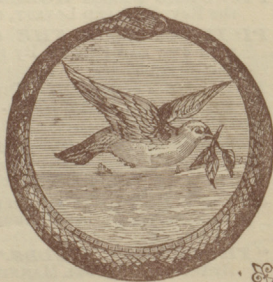
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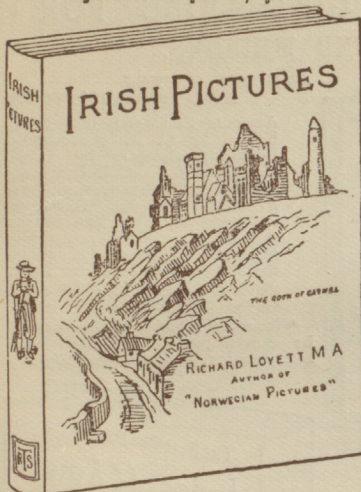
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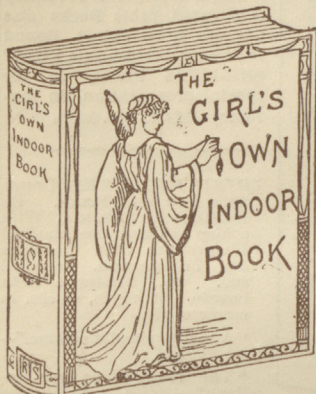


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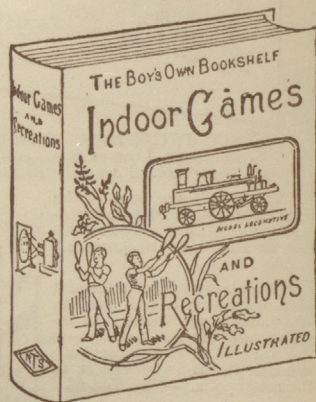
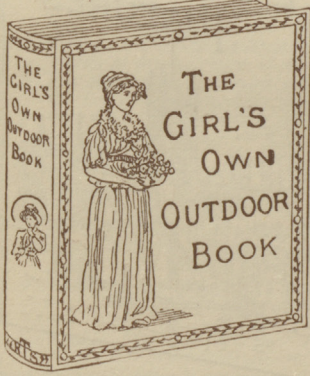
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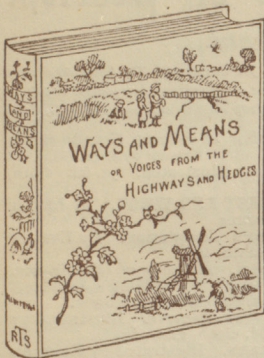
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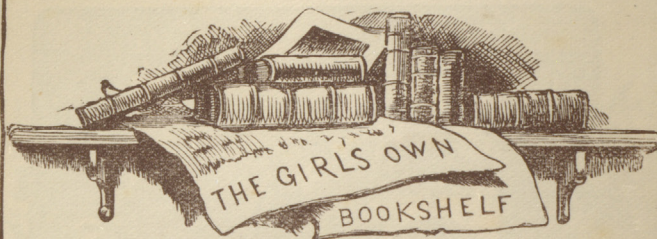
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